英譯唐詩選

GEMS OF CHINESE VERSE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

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Members of the Faculty

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

GEMS OF CHINESE VERSE

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TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

W. J. B. FLETCHER

BRITISH CONSUL, HOIHOW

Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

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PREFACE

What Keats said Chapman did for Homer is what Fletcher has done for the Poetic Realm of Old Cathay. There is a freshness and a surprise in these lyric gems. They have been read with keen joy. Having finished,

> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken.

I am no Sinologue and cannot vouch for the accuracy of the translations, but I know this is true poetry. So well has the work been done that I am sure thousands of readers of the Occident as well as of the Orient will rejoice with me over the production of this book of verse and there will be calls for more from the author.

H. L. Hargrove (Ph.D., Yale).

Kaifeng, April 1, 1918.

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INTRODUCTION

It is not without diffidence that I bring before the public this little collection of verses. A translation can never equal the original any closer than paste can imitate the real gem: and this is particularly true of poetry, wherein the cream and essence of a language finds its highest and most ethereal expression.

The flower we can draw; to its coloring art can approach: but who can delineate its scent? And thus it is with these translations.

I have usually followed closely the original form of the poems, frequently keeping their meter, but fear that I have lost much of their *nuances* and fragile delicacy. But, indeed, the subject is a difficult one; and I shall be repaid for the labor if the average foreign resident in China can glean from my siftings some further insight into the heart and feelings of the Chinese: if Chinese feel that their masterpieces, even in copies, find interest amongst their neighbors from far countries. Sympathy is the bond of human union.

The following translations are all from the Chinese poetry of the T'ang Dynasty (618 to 905

A.D.): and it is not a little creditable to Chinese civilization that such refinement of thought should be current at a period when the ancestors of Europe were overrun by German barbarians, and the Scotch had perhaps hardly abandoned cannibalism. The poems are essentially sketches of Nature, written by true lovers of China's grand scenery, amid ruins of famous dynasties and the memories of immortal beauties. A strain of Buddhist mysticism adds in places its longing for the Unseen, the Unseeable. One finds in them the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, and "the wind on the heath, brother." There is no clatter, noise, steam, or hurry—the authors float in sailing sanpans, noiseless save for the rippling beneath the prow, through scenes peaceful and calm. The white clouds pouring like icing down the mountain sides: the gulls and herons gliding white against the sky; the low boom of a temple gong in some tree-hidden glen; the quiet labors in the plains below; the village smoke curling upward in the temple of Nature as placidly as incense spirals about some Buddha's knees—all combine here to form China's great ideal, great charm—*Peace*. The very poems on the subject of war dwell only on its disgusts. There is no girding up of the loins to slay, no enthusiasm for destruction; no

great greed for wealth or possessions; no social distinctions of caste. There is just human life portrayed in terms of Nature. For in the Chinese language there are practically no abstract nouns, and for such the Chinese has borrowed terms from his one great Master—Nature. Thus Love is typified by Spring with its wealth of bursting flowers and sweet stirrings of the sap; old age growing upon us by Autumn with its falling leaves and sere complexion. Such allegories I have marked with capital letters, that the reader's eye may catch them the sooner.

Let him, if he can, imitating the poets of old, float quietly down the broad waters of the Yangtze, through the scenery of the Min, or over the rapids of the Cassia River; let him in some lone temple see the Moon rise over the tree-fringed hills; let him, like Manfred, seek the Iris of the Waterfall; or dream amid the relics of some fallen town—then will he know the value of the T'ang poetry; there will he find *Peace*.

TO LI PO AND TU FU

Li Po and Tu Fu, pardon that I come,
Lone Nature's pilgrim from a foreign shore,
With you across the misty hills to roam
And see the dragons carry you once more
To peaks aflame with sunset; to adore
In Nature's temple, as ye were wont of yore;
To see the Iris ride the torrent's foam,
And ruins where high mansions stood before,
The moonbeams glinting on the broken dome,
While some shrill flute the fallen time deplore.
Forgive the humble heart and feeble thought,
The faltering fingers that the echo wrought
Of your sweet woodland lore!

W. J. B. Fletcher.

Foochow, 1917.

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GEMS OF CHINESE VERSE

POEMS BY LI PO

THE OLD PAVILION

Where once the ancients said farewell
A sadness on the scene will dwell.
Where parted guests,—the Moon is bright.
Our torrent bathes *their* hills in light.

The lake flowers bloom in sunny Spring.
The bamboos nightly Autumn sing.
Where Past and Now together met
Within my song shall linger yet.

謝公亭

李白

謝公離別處
風景每生愁
客散青天月
山空碧水流

池花春映日
牕竹夜鳴秋
今古一相接
長歌懷舊遊

RETURN WITH SPRING

Fine as the lines in verdant jade.
Upsprouts the grass of Yen.
Their growth long winter has delayed.
And thou, thou comest when?
The mulberries of Ch'in low droop
Their branches verdant with new leaves:
Waiting the picker's hand they stoop—
As I await—Ah, waiting grieves.
The spring is come. In thee the thought
Of home returning too should spring!
My heart is yearning. Not for nought
Is hope, nor bitterness to bring.
The East wind knows me not—yet blows
Amidst my meshed curtains' gauze.
Is it for you the way it shows,
Not breathing aimless, lacking cause?

春　思

李　白

燕　草　如　碧　絲
秦　桑　低　綠　枝
當　君　懷　歸　日
是　妾　斷　腸　時
春　風　不　相　識
何　事　入　羅　幃

樂行中宮

李白

盡歸醉飛席衣仗輝
中上欲還歌舞綵光
梅柳嬌語明艷移泥
雪風鶯燕日花來樂
寒春宮簷遲新晚行

暖新日春鳥人月親
風色笑生歌舞李相
香曙爭暗聞見桃自
戶窗花草樹樓陽綺
繡紗宮池綠青昭羅

嫩香翠鴦輩房一陽
金雪翡鴛雕洞第昭
黃白巢銷隨出誰在
色花樓殿妓歌中燕
柳梨玉金選徵宮飛

DELIGHTS OF THE PALACE

Born through the melted snows appear the blossoms of the plum;
And to the tender willow leaves the vernal breezes come.
Within the halls the orioles with joy delirious sing,
As from the eaves the swallows greet each home returning wing,
With closing of the evening dim the festal flares with light,
Where to the whirling dancers limbs fresh flowers add beauty bright.
Before the shadows of the night the solemn guards retire;
And all the lovely scene dissolves in satisfied desire.
The fragrant breeze is pleasant in the pictured silken doors*
The glow of dawn is sweet and fresh across the window's gauze.
The flowers press up their happy cheeks the beaming sun to view.
While by the shady lake each leaf the spring is glossing new.
Amidst the verdant trees I hear the birds their carols sing,
As o'er the harem's floor the maids' light steps in dances ring.

* Doors and windows are often made of painted gauze.

The plum, the peach-flower, moon unite the consort's
bower to grace;
And in each silken robe dissolved their colours find a
place.
The colour of the willow trees is soft as pliant gold.
The pear-trees, too, their fragrant flowers in snowwhite
bloom unfold.
This stately mansion holds a nest to suit the halcyon
bright.
Within its lordly halls the birds of love their hearts
unite.
A chosen bevy serve about the prince's carven chair,
And fill when bid the thrilling room with song and
music rare.
But should you ask, preferred of all who rules this
proud array,
I'd answer that in Chaoyang Court supreme is Fei-yen's
sway.

ON THE FRONTIER

'Tis June—and still on Altai there lies the bitter snow.
Amid the chill of winter no happy flowers grow.
Although the wailing flute may sing "The Willow of the Spring,"
The colour of the vernal leaves this place can never know.
The kettledrum at daylight calls forth to war's array.
In midnight sleep our saddles we dare not put away.
This cursed tyrant Lou-lan who us to death would bring,
With this good blade within my belt how gladly would I slay!

塞下曲 其一

李白

五月天山雪
無花祇有寒
笛中聞折柳
春色未曾看
曉戰隨金鼓
宵眠抱玉鞍
願將腰下劍
直爲斬樓蘭

Note:—Lou Lan who had made himself hated for his cruelty was assassinated when drunk by three men.

ON THE FRONTIER (2)

The pillagers the autumn brings down to loot the land.
From homes celestial gather our armies band by band.
The leaders split their tallies to make war's orders yare.
The warriors sink to slumber on coils of burning sand.

The very Moon of Heaven is bended like a bow.
Upon our swords Mongolian frosts their silver tracery sow.
The time is long ere we at last within the Wall shall fare.
Ah! sigh not, little wife of mine, so mournfully and low.

塞下曲其二

李白

塞虜乘秋下
天兵出漢家
將軍分虎竹
戰士臥龍沙

邊月隨弓影
胡霜拂劍花
玉關殊未入
少婦莫長嗟

Note:—*Tallies*—flat wooden sticks, made in duplicate, and serving as a visual proof of the trust to be placed in the messenger who bears the one half, the other half of which the recipient holds.

yare—an old English word meaning "ready."

ABSENCE

Our homely Moon in quiet wanes away.
Around me dully thuds the washing bar:
Nor drops the Wind long Autumn from its wings.
While all my heart is at the frontier far.
Ah! when will all our foes be beaten back,
And my dear husband finish distant war?

子夜吳歌

李白

長安一片月
萬戶擣衣聲
秋風吹不盡
總是玉關情
何日平胡虜
良人罷遠征

Note:—The poem refers to the wars along the Great Wall against the Tatars.

THE WIFE'S LAMENT

On Yen-chih Hill the sere leaves quit the tree.
This tower I mount to gaze abroad for thee.
The sea's white clouds are broken on the hill,
As Autumn grows in loneness over me.

In Gobi's waste the Mongol hordes prevail.
Back to the Wall the sons of China trail.
The guest of battle there his blood shall spill.
Ah me! snapped orchid with a lonely wail!

秋　思

李　白

燕 支 黃 葉 落
妾 望 自 登 臺
海 上 碧 雲 斷
單 于 秋 色 來
胡 兵 沙 塞 合
漢 使 玉 關 回
征 客 無 歸 日
空 悲 蕙 草 摧

Notes:—單于=ancient name of Inner Mongolia
蕙 =orchid
摧 =snapped.

THE CROWS THAT CAW BY NIGHT

Through dusty clouds beside the Wall the crows come
home so late.
And cawing fly from bough to bough as each one seeks
her mate.
The lonely wife was working her silken tapestry:
Her window gauze seems mist to her; their cawing
words of Fate.
Her shuttle stops; she sadly dreams of her dear
absentee.
Her dripping tears confess she feels the house how
desolate.

烏夜啼

李白

黃雲城邊烏欲棲
歸飛啞啞枝上啼
機中織錦秦川女
碧紗如烟隔窗語
停梭悵然憶遠人
獨宿空房淚如雨

Notes:—秦川 is at 長安 in Shensi.

秦川女 is the wife of 竇滔 who leaving his wife went with his concubine to dwell at Hsiang-yang. In his absence so prolonged his wife worked a beautiful tapestry having a border embroidered with over 200 poems, and sent it to Tou, who was so pleased with her untiring industry that he at once sent to fetch her to Hsiang-yang.

Crows caw at night when they miss their mate.
The Wall is the city wall.

OUR PARTING AT KINLING INN

With incense from the willow flowers the zephyr fills
the inn.
A rustic beauty baits the wine and tempts the guests
to taste.
All Kinling friends come hither to speed each other
haste:
Those leaving and those staying all make the goblets
spin.
Now prithee ask the River that ever eastward flows,
If any parting constant as his he ever knows?

金陵酒肆留別

李白

風吹柳花滿店香
吳姬壓酒使客嘗
金陵子弟來相送
欲行不行各盡觴
請君試問東流水
別意與之誰短長

The River. i.e. Time.
A rustic beauty: an allusion to Hsi Shih.

經下邳圮橋懷張子房

李白

嘯虎未房子
爲家不產破
士壯得海滄
沙浪博秦椎
不成雖韓報
動震皆地天
下遊匿潛邳
勇智非曰豈

上橋圮來我
風英欽古懷
水流碧見惟
公石黃無曾
去人此息歎
空泗徐條蕭

CHANG LIANG

Before your tiger roar was heard
Your house was sold, a home no more.
But still by failure undeterred
You sought along the Purple Shore,
Until a bravo stout you found
At Po-lang Sands to smite to ground
The tyrant Ch'in.

Though to avenge the Hans you failed,
Beneath that stroke the Empire reeled.
You then in P'ei your traces veiled,
Where for long years you lay concealed.
If neither craft nor valour might
The conflict win for Freedom's right.
Not thine the sin!

I come upon the bridge of Ee
Dreaming old dreams of long ago,
Admiring your nobility:
But only see the waters flow!
Still green beneath the Bridge they race.
Him of the Yellow Stone no trace
Has left to me!

Sighing I say: This man no more
Nor Hsü nor Ssu to-day can show.
Now He is gone-how desolate
The barren shore!"

Notes:—P'ei: formerly a State forming part of Lu (魯); now in Hsü Chou district in Kiangsu, 140 miles west of Huaianfu. In the Han dynasty it was in the Tung-hai district (東海郡).

Chang Liang: This story is taken by Li Po from the History, which says:—

Chang Liang was a man of Han (韓). When Han was destroyed by Ch'in Shih Huang, Liang devoted his private possessions to hire an assassin to kill the usurper. The assassin provided a mace of 120 catties weight; and when Ch'in Shih Huang (B. C. 221-209) was on tour, an attempt was made to slay him at Po-lang Sands; but the stroke hit his charioteer. The Emperor was greatly enraged and made diligent search for Chang, who changed his name and hid himself in P'ei (邳). As Chang was one day strolling on the bridge there, he met on old man in a thin wrapper who dropped his shoe under the bridge. Chang went to recover it for him, and presented it to him kneeling. The old man said: "A good son can be taught. Meet me here in five days' time." Five days later Chang went there; and the old man meeting him gave him a book, saying, "Read this, and you will become a teacher of Princes." "You will see me again thirteen years hence in the shape of a Yellow stone under the hill at Ku-ch'eng." The old man then disappeared. The book given to Chang he found to be the Military Strategy of T'ai Kung. In the sixth year of Han (漢 B. C. 200) Chang Liang was appointed ruler of his former state Han (韓).

One day when Chang Liang was following Kao Ti (first Emperor of the Great Han (漢) Dynasty who reigned B. C. 206-194) across the bridge he saw a yellow stone under the hill at Ku-ch'eng; he took it home, and treated it as divine. When he died it was buried with him.

Po-lang Sands is in Yang-wu District (陽武縣).

Hsü and Ssu: The River Ssu rises in the South-west of (泗水縣) Ssu-shui District in Shangtung and passes by (徐州) Hsü Chou, then turning South-east crosses P'ei Chou, entering Huai-an (淮安).

將進酒

李白

來髮上白天悲

水回鏡雪歡月用來樂杯　聽貴醒寞名樂謔錢酌　酒愁之復明如盡對有復爲百生　耳足願寂其平歡少君裘美古河不堂暮須空必還且三邱停曲傾不不皆留宴恣言對金換萬黃海高絲意樽材盡牛飲丹莫一我玉醉賢者時千爲酒千出銷見到見靑得金我散宰一子君歌爲饌長聖飲昔十何沽馬將同不流不如生使生金羊須夫酒君君鼓願來有王酒人須花兒爾君奔君朝人莫天千烹會岑進與請鐘但古惟陳斗主徑五呼與

THE FEAST OF LIFE

Seest thou not the Yellow River coming from the Sky,
Downward to the Ocean flowing, never turning back?
How thy hair to grey is growing, sadly in yon mirror spy—
Snow at eve that but this morning showed so glossy black!
Would you taste this life so fleeting, quickly snatch at every boon,
Leaving not the Golden Goblet glinting empty to the Moon.
Heaven has given me these talents; yea, and gave them not in vain.
Lo! a thousand golden ducats lavished greet the world again!
These roasted Sheep and Oxen slain for Someone make a feast.
Our Meeting here shall swallow down three hundred cups at least.
Now, friends, the Wine is ready: I prithee no delay.
Incline your ears to listen while I sing to you a lay.
"Of music and dainties small reck do I make.
My bliss to be Drunken, ne'er Sober to wake.
The sages of old have scarce left us a name,
The Deep Drinkers only recorded by fame.
When Ch'en Wang of old gave his feast at Pinglor,
A gallon of wine each aroused their acclaim.
The Host shall ne'er say that too small is his store,
But buy the Good Vintage and lavishly pour.
This gallant bay charger and fur coat of mine,
Now let the boy take them and change them for wine.
The Cares of the Ages, though many and sore,
Away will we scatter, and know them no more."

Note:—It is sometimes objected to Li Po that he is too fond of the wine cup, and, like Byron, his reputation suffers from the prejudice of those who have not read him. Of all the poems of his which have come under my notice, this alone appears to be in praise of materialism. But who can read this poem without perceiving the mystic allusion of it? Here is the same spirit which we find in Omar Khayyam.

"*My bliss to be drunken*".....cf. Moore's "Odes of Anacreon" No. 50.

"When I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal."

300 cups: One of those historical allusions in which Li Po delights. Yuan Shao (袁紹) gave a dinner to Cheng Yuan (鄭元) and tried his best to make the latter intoxicated. The three hundred guests at the feast arose in turn to drink a cup of wine with him. From dawn till evening Yuan drank over 300 cups, without his face being flushed.

TS'UNG SHAN

Where a slip of moon aye shines
Eastward over the pines
Where the torrents speak,
A mansion of eld have I—
'Tis Ts'ung-yang's Maiden Peak.

If magic herbs to find
You wander thither—mind
The rosy shoots of the flags!
Should we each other seek
In life's low eventide,
A dragon white I'll ride
To yonder sun-lit crags.

送楊山人歸嵩山

李白

我有萬古宅
嵩陽玉女峯
長留一片月
挂在東溪松
爾去掇仙草
菖蒲花紫茸
歲晚或相訪
青天騎白龍

Notes:—Ts'ung Shan, 10 li north of Teng-feng Hsien in Honan is the central peak of the Five Sacred Mountains; which are:

Eastern Peak:	or Tai Shan:	in Shantung.	泰山
Southern Peak	or Heng Shan	in Hunan.	衡山
Western Peak	or Hua Shan	in Shensi.	華山
Northern Peak	or Heng Shan	in Chihli.	恆山
Central Peak	or Ts'ung Shan	in Honan.	嵩山

The Maiden Peak: a pinnacle on Ts'ung Shan, also called "The Pure Maid's Washing Stone." On the day before the (立秋) inception of Autumn a sound of pounding can be heard there.

Flags: calamus: together with artemisia charms are hung on doors at the Dragon Festival (5th day of 5th moon) as a rush sword to keep away evil spirits. When Wu Ti of the Han Dynasty (B. C. 140-86) ascended Ts'ung Shan he suddenly met a fairy who said: "I come from the Chiu-I Hills in Shansi. Hearing that on the rocks of the Central Peak are flags with nine knots to the inch which when eaten confer immortality, I have come to seek them."

Dragon white:—Li Po compares himself to a spirit exiled from his natural Heaven-Nature.

The Five Sacred Mountains appear to have been considered as the points of conception of the T'ien Ti tsao-hua, interinfusion or copulation of Heaven and Earth.

The worship of this conjunction of Heaven and Earth is evidently similar to the rites of Isis and Osiris and the birth of Horus; Jupiter and Cybele, Ops and Rhoea, Mythra, etc.; and is the parent of all this class of tales from those of shepherd maidens found by goblins (cf. Scott's *Lady of the Lake*—"She said no shepherd sought her side, no hunter's hand her snood untied," etc.) to the more serious religions based on a Heavenly Father and human mother.

In the Lama Temple in Peking is a group figure called T'ien Ti tsao-hua, which exactly illustrates this Idea, and which is evidently of very ancient derivation.

With these rites the ceremonies of the Dragon Festival have an evident connection. Thus the Festival is called Tuan Yang (端陽) i.e. a cessation of the male principle (of the sperm ingestion) and commencement of the period of gestation (of the seeds) in the womb of "Mother Earth."

It is possible that the Rain was considered as the spermatae of this union, and that hence comes the Dragon—Power of Waters.

The story of the seeking for a lost hero drowned in the waters would appear to be a reminiscence of human sacrifice, in which the "male" was, literally, either restrained from further connection with the female after conception (as is still the practice of some African tribes—whence polygamy) or more probably I think, the sending down of a "male" into the (female?) waters that his principle may make them fertile when applied to the crops.

It is probable that human sacrifice in China, as elsewhere, was replaced by offerings of the *produce* of the union (of Heaven and Earth)—"the firstborn of the flock"—instead of offering an *incentive* to that union; but of the exact symbolism attached to "flags" and "artemisia" I have no information.

終南山過斛斯山人宿置酒

李白

暮從碧山下
山月隨人歸
却顧所來徑
蒼蒼橫翠微

相攜及田家
童稚開荊扉
綠竹入幽徑
青蘿拂行衣

歡言得所憩
美酒聊共揮
長歌吟松風
曲盡河星稀

我醉君復樂
陶然共忘機

COMING DOWN FROM CHUNG-NAN

The dusk descends along the verdant hills,
O'er which the Moon our footsteps follows back.
Gaze up; and lo! the path by which we came
Winds up the hill amid the greenwood track.

As hand in hand we reach the farmer's home
His lads to us the thorn-wove wicket ope.
The path o'erhung with bamboo sprays is dim.
Green creepers at the passer's clothing grope.

Gladly we say: "Here is a place to rest."
The goodly wine in waving circle goes.
Our songs extoll the sweet fir-laden air,
Till ere we cease each star but dimly glows.

Drunken am I—and you with pleasure too—
In pure enjoyment, free from human woes.

Note:—The Nan Shih says: "T'ao had an especial fondness for pine trees; which he planted in his court and garden. To hear the stir of them in the breeze was pure enjoyment to him."

HSI SHIH'S WEDDING

A Ballad

The crows fly back perching on Ku Su's high Tower;
And flushing with Hsi Shih is Wu Wang's rich bower.
They sang and they danced and they merrymade still
When half of the sun sank behind the green hill.

In golden clepsydra the silver gauge showed
How long yet the night ere the shaded hours fly.
On the river's low ripples the clear Moonlight glowed.
But oh! what delight when it mounted on high!

烏　棲　曲

李　白

姑　蘇　臺　上　烏　棲　時
吳　王　宮　裏　醉　西　施
吳　歌　楚　舞　歡　未　畢
青　山　欲　銜　半　邊　日

銀　箭　金　壺　漏　水　多
起　看　秋　月　墜　江　波
東　方　漸　高　奈　樂　河

Note:—Ku Su, the residence of Wu Wang.

THE HUANG HO LOU

(A Farewell Ode to Meng Hao-jan)

You parted; leaving to the West the Huang Ho Lou,
The mists of Spring in floating veils descending on Yangchou.
Adown the distance faded hence with thee you lonely sail
To where the mournful River's waves into the skyline flow.

黃鶴樓送孟浩然之廣陵

李　白

故人西辭黃鶴樓
煙花三月下揚州
孤帆遠影碧空盡
惟見長江天際流

Note:—The Huang Ho Lou (Tower of the Yellow Crane) is to the East of Yangchou, and as Meng is going to Yangchou he leaves the Tower on the West.

The original Huang Ho Lou was destroyed by the Tai Ping rebels during the siege of Wuchang.

A new, and ugly red brick building on the bank of the Yangtze at Wuchang, built, I believe, by Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, marks its former site.

Some of Meng Hao-jan's poems are given in this volume.

THE MOON SHINES EVERYWHERE

Seeing the Moon before my couch so bright
I thought hoar frost had fallen from the night.
On her clear face I gaze with lifted eyes:
Then hide them full of Youth's sweet memories.

靜夜思

李白

牀前看月光
疑是地上霜
舉頭望明月
低頭思故鄉

THE BOATING PARTY

The River clear—the Autumn Moon so bright—
We pluck the South Lake's bridal flowers white.
The maiden water lilies seem to speak:
And tinge with shame each boat borne wanton's cheek.

淥水曲

李白

淥水明秋月
南湖採白蘋
荷花嬌欲語
愁殺蕩舟人

Note:—蘋: P'in²: *Hydrocharis morsus=ranae* (frogbite), formerly used in bridal rites.
淥: Lu, a river in Hunan.

QUITTING POTI AT DAWN

Poti amid its rainbow clouds we quitted with the dawn,
A thousand li in one day's space to Kiang-ling are borne.
Ere yet the gibbon's howling along the banks was still
All through the craggéd Gorge our skiff had fleeted with the morn.

早發白帝城

李白

朝辭白帝彩雲間
千里江陵一日還
兩岸猿聲啼不住
輕舟已過萬重山

Notes:—Poti is a town in Szechuen. The poet celebrates the swift current of the Yangtze down the Gorges of Szechuen.

The constant reference to the gibbon in the Tang poems would seem to imply that at that time China was much more wooded than at present. So far as I know monkeys are not common along the Yangtze nowadays; but they may still be seen on the higher reaches of the West River.

KINLING

Of Kingdoms six their state that raised
In turn upon each other's fall,
Libations three when I have made,
A lay I sing unto you all.

This garden that is left us now
Is smaller than the Chins' of yore.
These hills remind of Loyang peaks,
Are like them, but in number more.

The flowers that long ago the Wus
Had planted by their ancient halls:
The silks and damasks that the Kins
Concealed within their Palace walls:

With all their human lovers gone
Are all extinct in long decay.
Old Time has washed them to the East
Amidst the Ocean's waves away.

金　陵

李　白

六代興亡國
三杯爲爾歌
苑方秦地少
山似洛陽多
古殿吳花草
深宮晉綺羅
併隨人事滅
東逝與滄波

Note :—Kinling was founded by Wei Wang of Ch'u, and was the capital of the following six successive States :—

Wu	(吳代)	A.D.	222-264.
Chin	(晉 ,,)		265-419
Sung	(宋 ,,)		420-477
Ch'i	(齊 ,,)		479-501
Liang	(梁 ,,)		502-556
Ch'en	(陳 ,,)		557-587.

Garden :—The Princes of Ch'in had a garden called The Shang-lin Yuan (上林苑) which was 400 li (130 miles) in extent.

Loyang :—in Honan.

MR. YUNG'S SECLUDED RETREAT

With verdant heads the crowd of cliffs are brushing the sky.
So aimless wandering here, one feels not the years go by.
I burst through the Veiling Clouds in search of the Ancient Way,
Or lean me against a tree while hearing the torrent's play.
The warm Spring opens the flowers: the Fairy Ox lies down.
The White Crane sleeps above on the lofty pine tree's crown.
The River gleams with Twilight; as now our speech is done
Alone I cross the chilly mist descending with the sun.

尋雍尊師隱居

李白

羣峭碧摩天
逍遙不計年
撥雲尋古道
倚樹聽流泉
花暖青牛臥
松高白鶴眠
語來江色暮
獨自下寒烟

Notes :—Fairy Ox : Lao-tze, author of the Tao-te Ching (Path of Righteousness), is said to have ridden in a cart drawn by a green ox to Ta-ch'in (大秦) (Syria). On Tsung Kao Hill (嵩高山) is a large pine tree. Every 100 or 1,000 years its juices are turned into a Black Ox.

White Crane : Wang Tze-ch'iao (王子喬) rode on a white crane to the top of Hou-Shih Hill (緱氏山).

Both are types of Fairy Land, and the crane commonly represented as such in Chinese pictures. Lao-tze riding a black ox is also a common picture.

THE FALLEN TERRACE

Fresh elm and willow barely hide the garden terrace bare.
The calthrop picker's singing thrills the clearer vernal air.
But, ah! the Moon, that once beheld these Halls so gaily thronged,
Upon the Western River shines, its sole companion there.

古 覽 臺 蘇

李 白

舊 苑 荒 臺 楊 柳 新
菱 歌 清 唱 不 勝 春
只 今 惟 有 西 江 月
曾 照 吳 王 宮 裏 人

TUNG SHAN CAVE

To Tung Shan Cave so long I have not been!
How often have its roses filled with bloom?
Its silver clouds all pass away unseen.
Descends Diana there?—To visit whom?

憶 東 山

李 白

不 向 東 山 久
薔 薇 幾 度 花
白 雲 還 自 散
明 月 落 誰 家

Note:—Halfway up Tung-shan, which is ten miles South East of Ying-tien Fu, is the 薔薇洞 Cave of the Cinnamon Roses.

THE LOVER OF SCENERY

All the Birds had flown away.
One Cloud its aimless circle ran,
Unwearied gazing on each other,
It and Ching-ting Shan.

獨坐敬亭山

李白

衆鳥高飛盡
孤雲獨去閒
相看兩不厭
只有敬亭山

Notes :—Birds : the seekers of worldy pleasures and profit, who, having obtained their desire, fly elsewhither.

One Cloud: the writer in his pure love of Nature compares himself to the solitary cloud pouring unwearied on the hills.

Ching Ting Hill is in 宣城縣.

AGE'S RIME

Ah me! to make such length of grizzled hair
How many days it grew along with care!
Indeed, how could in this pure mirror show
The origin of so much Autumn snow?

秋浦歌

李白

白髮三千丈
緣愁似箇長
不知明鏡裏
何處得秋霜

Note :—秋浦縣 was founded in 622 A.D.

THE STEPS OF DISAPPOINTMENT

The dew forms white upon the marble stair.
Our silken socks are damp ere night outwear.
Returning drop our crystal blinds to see
The Autumn Moon gleam through them glintingly.

玉階怨

李白

玉階生白露
夜久侵羅襪
却下水晶簾
玲瓏望秋月

Notes:—Crystal blinds were made apparently of beads or rods of crystal strung together.

The Stair is that of the Emperor's private apartments up which the favourites pass. The damsels of this poem have waited in vain the Imperial summons to admit them, and return to their chamber unable to sleep from disappointment. The sight of the Autumn Moon reminds them of their being "Autumn fans"—no longer required.

CATTLE ISLE

'Tis night: and on the Western Stream here swims the Cattle Isle.
No cloud to fleck the spotless sky that stretches mile on mile.
Within my skiff I float away the Autumn Moon to view
In idle dreams of him who raised to fame a poet new.

A lofty strain I too can lift. But what will that avail?
There is no patron now to hear my heart-string's sobbing wail.
Our matting sails we raise again to meet to-morrow's sun,
As from the tree the maple leaves are dropping one by one.

古懷渚牛泊夜

李白

夜泊牛渚西江夜
青天無片雲
登舟望秋月
空憶謝將軍

余亦能高詠
斯人不可聞
明朝挂帆席
楓葉落紛紛

Note:—"On such a night as this" General Hsieh, called Conqueror of the West, while patrolling near Cattle Isle heard the poet Yuan Hsiung singing to the moon, and entered into conversation with him. From this time Yuan's reputation began to grow.

THE NORTHERN HALL

A picture before me the city lies there.
Seen far from the hills in the dawning's bright air.
Clear mirrors two rivers have here their twin birth:
Two bridges like rainbows that pair on the earth.

In their orange and pumelo groves they are cold.
The leaves of the wu-tung with Autumn grow old.
Who cares that aloft on this Northern Tower I
Yet dream of the ancients the wind has borne by?

秋登宣城謝朓北樓

李白

江城如畫裏
山曉望晴空
兩水夾明鏡
雙橋落彩虹

人烟寒橘柚
秋色老梧桐
誰念北樓上
臨風懷謝公

Notes:—The twin bridges are 鳳凰橋 Feng-huang Ch'iao and 濟川橋 Chi-ch'uan Ch'iao: the two 雙溪 rivers are the double Ch'i.

梧桐一葉落，而天下知秋 "When one wutung leaf falls, all the world knows that Autumn has come."

THE WATER PAVILION

High through the rainbow air this chamber towering see.
While intermingle around shadow and sunlight clear.
Splashing above the eves leap the waters of Yuan-ch'i.
On Ching-ting, cloudy hill, down from the windows peer!

The gibbon's howl the sigh of the wind has led astray.
To the placid Moon above the songs of the fishers soar.
Free as the seagull sailing we seem to float away.
Am I not one of them there that flock on the sandy shore?

過崔八丈水亭

李白

高閣橫秀氣
清幽併在君
簷飛宛溪水
牖落敬亭雲
猨嘯風中斷
漁歌月裏聞
閒隨白鷗去
沙上自爲羣

清平調

李白

雲想衣裳花想容
春風拂檻露華濃
若非羣玉山頭見
會向瑤台月下逢

一枝濃艷露凝香
雲雨巫山枉斷腸
借問漢宮誰得似
可憐飛燕倚新妝

名花傾國兩相歡
常得君王帶笑看
解釋春風無限恨
沈香亭北倚闌干

LOST!

Upon the clouds I gaze and see thy vesture floating fair
Upon the flowers I gaze and lo! thy cheek is kindling there.
The zephyr brushing through the step thy footfall seems to be.
The dew, so like thy freshness, brings the sense of loss to me.
Our broken fates no hope attends.
But if on earth we meet no more,

Await me on that fairy shore
Behind whose clouds the moon ascends!

A moulded form whose smooth excess sweet fragrance clung around.
A dream of rapture magical that made the pulses bound.
Her equal in the Court of Han as yet had never been.
What new attire for Yang Kuei-fei to shroud her in the ground?

Mid happy flowers the loveliest still his Helen's beauty rare:
How often had he smiled to see Her Fairest Flower there!
This Breath of Balm to dissipate what boundless hate arose!
The well-remembered arbour floods his heart with scented care.

Notes:—Clouds and rain on Wu Shan: the dream of Huai Wang at Kao-tang that he saw a lovely maiden who declared herself to be the Spirit of the Wu Hill, walking on the clouds at morn and on the rain at night, with whom he became deeply impassioned—"the nympholepsy of some fond despair."

"The peony is pure white at dawn; deep yellow at evening; and dies at night with a most perfect scent."

TO HO CHIEN

Though anxious office to resign and private garb resume,
Your able craft and placid mind must long the Court illume.
From Mao the Wondrous you received the true Arcana's art.
A home by Tungting Lake His Grace now grants you to assume.
The sky is full of stars; the mist enshrouds Mount Yaotai tall.
From Wizard Peak high lost in space yon islands look so small!
The Crane that from the Tree of Pearls ne'er loveth to depart
Ah! tell me when it next will fly across the City wall?

送賀監四明應制

李白

久辭榮祿遂初衣
曾向長生說息機
眞訣自從茅氏得
恩波應許洞庭歸
瑤臺含霧星辰滿
仙嶠浮空島嶼微
借問欲棲珠樹鶴
何年却向帝城飛

Notes:—Ho Chien wished to retire to the Taoist's life; but as he was reported to the Throne as being "Skilled in men and affairs, and placid in disposition"—permission to dispense with his services was long refused.

Mao: Mao Meng, styled Ch'u-ch'eng, (茅濛; 初成) or, as he called himself, "The mad Wanderer of Ssu Ming," retired into the Hua Shan (華山) to practise Taoism. Having attained to the Path of Taoism, he sang; "To the Golden Cave see the White Crane soar. It comes again—ah! nevermore," and mounted into the clouds in broad daylight on the back of a dragon.

Tungting: When Huang Ti was travelling in Shu he scooped out five lakes to hold water. Of these the Tungting Lake was one. (Huang Ti is supposed to have reigned 2700 B. C.)

The Court: Chang-sheng Hall: "In the Court of Wu Ti of the Han (漢) Dynasty (B. C. 140—86) was a famous singer called Li-chuan (麗娟)—The Lovely—at whose song the pear trees would blossom. On her singing the "Song of the Wind's Return" outside the Chang-sheng Hall, the leaves dropped from the trees in the courtyard."

The Triple Pearl Tree (三珠樹) grows on the Red Water in the land of Yen-huo—or An-for (厭火).

Ssu-ming Shan (四明山) is 50 miles S. W. of Ningpo. On it are four stone windows through which are seen The Sun, the Moon, the Stars and the Planets; whence it is called "The Hill of the Four Brightnesses."

In this poem Li Po compares the retreat of Ho Chien to that of Mao into the Hua Shan, and inquires when he will, like Mao. attain to immortality.

THE AUTUMN FAN

Before my hall sweet flowers perfume the calm and silent night.

I wish to roll the blinds—but, ah! am checked by Spring's despite.

Dimly, guitar beneath my arm, the glancing moon I see.

The wavering colours of the trees obscure my lost delight.

西宮春怨

李白

西宮夜靜百花香

欲捲珠簾春恨長

斜抱雲和深見月

朦朧樹色隱昭陽

Note: This poem represents Yang Kuei Fei in disgrace.

A FRUITLESS VISIT TO THE PRIEST OF THE TAI TIEN HILLS

I hear the barking of the dogs amidst the waters sound.
The recent rain has washed each stain from all the peach bloom round.
At times amid the thickest copse a timid deer is seen.
And to the breeze in sparkling seas the bamboos roll in green.
From yonder verdant peak depends the sheeted waterfall.
At noon's full prime I hear no chime of bells from arboured hall.
Whither the wandering priest has gone is no one here can tell.
Against a pine I sad recline, and let my heart o'er swell.

訪戴天山道士不遇

李白

犬吠水聲中
桃花帶雨濃
樹深時見鹿
溪午不聞鐘
野竹分青靄
飛泉挂碧峯
無人知所去
愁倚兩三松

江上吟

李白

木蘭之枻沙棠舟
玉簫金管坐兩頭
美酒尊中置千斛
載妓隨波任去留
仙人有待乘黃鶴
海客無心隨白鷗
屈平詞賦懸日月
楚王臺榭空山邱
興酣落筆搖五嶽
詩成笑傲凌滄洲
功名富貴若長在
漢水亦應西北流

A RIVER MELODY

With cornel oars our skiff of mountain pear
Lightly glances o'er the lapping waters.
At the bow a flute of echo fair
At the stern a pipe's melodious air
Mingle with the song of Beauty's daughters.
Here are copious flasks of vintage rare.
Why then, would we quit this world of care,
Need we wait to mount some fairy crane?
Free as seagulls float we o'er the waters
Idly floating on this shoreless main.
The songs of famous singers live as long
As sun and moon shall circle in the sky.
The halls of pride now strewn the hills along
Proclaim that every other fame shall die.
To such rapture even mighty mountains
Stir and sway their weighty bulk again.
In the fairy islands of the Blessed
Lives for ever each immortal strain.
But sooner could flow backward to its fountains
This stream, than wealth and honours can remain.

Note: "Mount some fairy crane" i. e. go to heaven.

THE RETURN TO WEN CHUAN

Twelve leaders of the cohorts passed along
As ordered stars deck out the skirts of night.
Beneath the harvest moon there glittered bright
As frost the keen steel of the moving throng.
Like moonbeams draped o'er clouds the banners flew.
In awe respectful every door was snut.
Through boundless space the music sounded up.
The breath of perfect morn caresses blew
In wanton airs around our Prince the good and true.

溫泉宮

李白

將二十林羽
文星應列羅
月秋懸仗霜
雲夜卷旌霓
肅戶千更嚴
聞天九樂清
氣佳瞻出日
君聖繞葱葱

"TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST"

Last night the wind of spring laid bare the peach
flowers of the well.

Before the Palace soared the moon with radiance clear
but fell.

Within His room the actress maid his shifting love
had won.

Without—the silken robe he gave could not the chill
dispel.

殿前曲

李白

昨夜風開露井桃

未央前殿月輪高

平陽歌舞新承寵

簾外春寒賜錦袍

"IN THE SPRING"

"Within her peaceful chamber, no care the maid oppressed;
Until the verdant Tower she climbed one springtide, gaily dressed.
The stir of sprouting foliage beyond the street she saw.
Regret she'd sent her love to fame rose swelling in her breast.

閨　怨

李　白

閨 中 少 婦 不 知 愁
春 日 凝 妝 上 翠 樓
忽 見 陌 頭 楊 柳 色
悔 教 夫 壻 覓 封 侯

"SOFT STILLNESS AND THE NIGHT BECOME THE TOUCHES OF SWEET HARMONY"

From what clear flute unseen these flying trills
With which the Wind of Spring the City fills?
Amid the strains the Flower is plucked anew—
In what sweet Garden—how my bosom thrills!

春 夜 洛 城 聞 笛

李　白

誰 家 玉 笛 暗 飛 聲
散 入 春 風 滿 洛 城
此 夜 曲 中 聞 折 柳
何 人 不 起 故 園 情

後出塞

杜甫

朝進東門營
暮上河陽橋
落日照大旗
馬鳴風蕭蕭

平沙列萬幕
部伍各見招
中天懸明月
令嚴夜寂寥

悲笳數聲動
壯士慘不驕
借問大將誰
恐是霍嫖姚

POEMS BY TU FU

THE REINFORCEMENTS

At dawn the camp I enter by Loyang's eastern gate.
At eve upon the floating bridge I stand to meditate
The rays of sunset glint upon the banner floating wide.
A shrilling wind and horses' neighs resound on every side.

A myriad tents in ordered rows are set upon the sand,
The men each other hailing as each one quits his band.
In mid-sky high suspended the moon is sailing bright.
This discipline makes desolate the loneliness of night.

With wailings intermittently a mournful reed pipe sobs.
Disheartened seem the warriors; no breast with ardour throbs.
Were some one now to ask me who may the General be,
At random guessing I would say, some flaunting Ko is he.

Notes:—Reinforcements: In the 14th year of T'ien Pao (天寶) (A. D. 742) there was a battle at (潢水) Huang Shui where the Chinese army was defeated, and these reinforcements had to be sent.

Ko: Ko Ch'ü-ping (霍去病) of the Han dynasty; a famous General of cavalry, but an illegitimate son and a wild character. He fought with success against the Tartars, and was called "Piao-yao" from his able riding. See the "Wei Ch'ing Ko Ch'ü-ping Ch'uan." (衞青霍去病傳).

On his tomb was sculptured an unsaddled charger trampling on a fallen Tatar (Journal of the N. C. branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, 1917).

贈衛八處士

杜甫

人生不相見
動如參與商
今夕復何夕
共此燈燭光
少壯能幾時
鬢髮各已蒼
訪舊半爲鬼
驚呼熱中腸
焉知二十載
重上君子堂
昔別君未婚
男女忽成行
怡然敬父執
問我來何方

已及未答問
漿酒羅女兒
菲春剪雨夜
梁黃間炊新
難面會稱主
觴十累舉一
觴亦不醉十
長意故子感
岳山隔日明
茫茫兩事世

TO WEI PA—OF THAT ILK

Like stars that rarely see each other
In life we do not often meet.
What eve is this that brings us now together
Where these bright candles greet?
Our youth, our strength, alas! how soon depart!
Our beards, our hair are streaked with flecks of grey.
Of friends we visit, half have passed away:
The sudden news catches the thrilling heart.

How tell that twenty years would first be sped
Ere I again should enter in your Hall?
For when I left you, you were still unwed.
Lo! now your boys and girls are growing tall.
Their father's ancient friend with pleasure see,
And whence I hither came inquire of me.

Unfinished question and reply remain.
Your children come to set the broth and wine.
A turnip fresh cut after last night's rain,
And steaming rice so fine.

Then says the host: "When shall we meet once more?"
With goblets ten he pledges me again.
Ten goblets leave me sober as before,
So deep my grateful memories him retain.
To-morrow—by the cragged hills disparted,
Unconscious of each other widely parted!

Turnip:—"A turnip fresh cut after rain is most delicious"—so said the frugal ancients; who had not discovered by excess in luxury the simple pleasures of a Sabine farm.

Cf: Virgil "*Sunt mihi castaneos molles*," etc.

西施詠

杜甫

艷色天下重
西施寧久微
朝爲越溪女
暮作吳王姬

賤日豈殊衆
貴來方悟稀
邀人傳脂粉
不自着羅衣

君寵益嬌態
君憐無是非
當時浣紗伴
莫得同車歸

持謝鄰家子
效顰安可希

HSI SHIH

As Beauty is of all the world admired,
  Obscurity no longer her could hide.
That morn a maiden washing by the brook:
  That eve a Prince's bride.
In humble state how different from the rest!
  When Fortune came they noted her how rare.
  Attendants then she had to tire her hair,
And aiding hands arranged her silken vest.
  Her Lord's love sought to aid her beauty fair:
In her all flaw his tenderness would hide.
The comrades who were washing by her side
  Might not attend her in her chariot there.
When she their busy offices declined,
They, that they could not frown like her, repined.

Note:—Hsi Shih was a famous Beauty of antiquity. Originally but a village maiden she was even then noted for her good looks, so that it was said of her that even anger lent grace in her features; so much so that an ugly neighbor attempted to frown as Hsi Shih did, but with disastrous results, as her neighbors closed their doors in terror.

One day as Hsi Shih was washing clothes in the mountain stream at Yü-lo Shan (苧蘿山) the Prince of Wu passing by saw her and exclaimed: "Beauty is admired of all the world," and took her in marriage.

The reader will doubtless recall the tale of Cophetua in Tennyson.

Various poems by Li Po and others on this subject, which are attached, show how popular the tale was.

秦州雜詩二首

杜甫

秦州城北寺
傳是隗囂宮
苔蘚山門古
丹青野殿空

月明垂葉露
雲逐度溪風
清渭無情極
愁時獨向東

莽莽萬重山
孤城石谷間
無風雲出塞
不夜月臨關

屬國歸何晚
樓蘭斬未還
烟塵一長望
衰颯正摧顏

CH'IN CHOU

This temple to the north of Ch'in-chou walls
  Is said to be the home of former kings.
  About its age creep moss and slimy things:
The colors peeling from its empty halls.

The dew-pearled leaves against the moonbeams play.
  The mountain breeze the clouds across it brings.
The River turns in mere contempt away,
  And eastward from this sullen sorrow flings.

Where myriad peaks in wildered chaos peer,
Covered with clouds although no wind be near,
  In rock-strewn valley cowers this lonely town.
Ere night the Moon will o'er the Pass appear.

In yon far country why so long delay?
He comes not back who Lou-lan went to slay.
  Across the clouds of dust and mist I stare
Whose broken soughings brush my face all day.

Notes:—*Ch'in Chou:* in Shensi.

This temple is said to have been the summer residence of the Princes of Wei (隗囂宮). It is in the Eagle-nest Valley.

The River: i.e. Time. The Wei River flows eastward to Ch'ang-an (長安).

Lou-lan was slain by Fu Chieh-tze (傅介子). In 100 B. C. Wu-i went to rule the Tatars (Hsiung-nu) and returned to the capital in 94 B.C. He was altogether nineteen years with the Tatars.

上得不濕雨宿郭州夔下船官判二十王別岸

杜甫

船舸宿沙依
石瀨月娟娟
風起春燈亂
江鳴夜雨懸
晨鐘雲岸濕
勝地石堂烟
柔櫓輕鷗外
含悽覺汝賢

UNABLE TO VISIT JUDGE WANG OWING TO RAIN

On a houseboat sleeping by the beach's side,
Moonbeams glinting on the shingle-washing tide.
A sudden gale arises; and leaps the flaring light:
The river hisses as the rain comes streaming through the night.

When dawn awakes the temple bell, the sky is full of cloud.
The banks are wet; and from afar
About the Hall of Rocks a shroud of mist veils floating are.

As with our sweeps we leave behind the wheeling gulls' domain,
Your virtues, I perceive, alas! I never can attain.

Notes:—The scene is in the Ku'ei Chou district of Szechwan. The Hall of Rocks is a famous locality there.

The last line conveys a delicate compliment.

石壕吏

杜甫

暮投石壕邨
有吏夜捉人
老翁踰牆走
老婦出門迎

吏呼一何怒
婦啼一何苦
聽婦前致辭
三男鄴城戍

一男附書至
二男新戰死
存者且偸生
死者長已矣

室中更無人
惟有乳下孫
孫有母未去
出入無完裾

老嫗力雖衰
請從吏夜歸
急應河陽役
猶得備晨炊

夜久語聲絕
如聞泣幽咽
天明登前途
獨與老翁別

THE RUNNERS OF SHIH HAO

(An incident of civil war)

The twilight gloamed. At Shih-hao Tsun I stayed.
Night soldiers brought the inmates to arrest.
The old man leapt the wall and fled affrayed:
To meet them issued his old wife distressed.

Shouted the soldiers tones in anger strong.
The woman's voice was broken with her woe.
I heard her say that her three sons had gone
To war at Yeh-ch'eng. They were forced to go.

That two were dead the last one wrote to say:
And he in constant jeopardy, he wrote.
Those dead were gone forever. Aye! Aye! Aye!
(With what a choke the words tore up her throat.)

Within the house there now was no one left—
Only her infant grandson at the breast,
And his poor mother, thus of all bereft,
In worn and tattered robe was scantly dressed.

The poor old soul, enfeebled, aged and worn,
Through the dark night must with the soldiers go—
Her enemies! With agitation torn,
To cook a meal she hurries to and fro.

Their voices' sound the lengthening hours consume:
And weeping dies in strangling sobs away.
The light returns.—As I my road resume,
But sad farewells to that old man I say.

Note:—Shih-hao is 23 miles east of (陝州).

佳人

杜甫

絕代有佳人
幽居在空谷
自云良家子
零落依草木

關中昔喪亂
兄弟遭殺戮
官高何足論
不得收骨肉

世情惡衰歇
萬事隨轉燭
夫壻輕薄兒
新人美如玉

合昏尚知時
鴛鴦不獨宿
但見新人笑
那聞舊人哭

在山泉水清
出山泉水濁
侍婢賣珠回
牽蘿補茅屋

摘花不插鬢
採柏動盈掬
天寒翠袖薄
日暮倚修竹

THE LOST BEAUTY

Cut off from all—my beauty only left—
My gloomy dwelling is a hollow vale.
I sighing say, ' Mid Trees and grass, ah me!
What can my parents goodly name avail?"

"Within the Wall old days are swept away.
My brothers' lofty rank could nought prevail.
For they are slain: our scattered flesh and bone
Unburied lies—All left me to bewail!"

"The world's desire is overborne by woe.
The fate of Man a candle's flickering light.
And my betrothed—alas! the wanton boy—
Has made a lovelier face his heart's delight.

"Its time of flowering the Hibiscus knows.
The Birds of Love dispart not in the Night.
But when He sees his new bride's happy smile
The old love's sobbing is forgotten quite.

"Upon the Hill's pure breast the Spring is clear;
But turbid when the Hill it leaves behind!
My maid, returned with food my pearls have bought,
To patch our humble roof has creepers twined.

"The flowers I pluck I place not in my hair.—
The cypress leaves my idle fingers bind.
To this chill air my green silk sleeves are thin:
Mid bamboos tall my fading Day declined!"

Notes:—Within the Wall refers to the invasion by Tien Pao (天寶) when the incident described is said to have actually occurred.

Hibiscus: The Chin (槿) which flowers and fades in one night, the "Lady of the Night" (夜合花) of the Malays. "Night" means dark trouble.

The Hill: that is to say, a place of strong resting; hinting both at her betrothed who has abandoned her, and thereby defiled himself, and to the impossibility of her marrying again without defiling herself: and also pointing to her loss of this world's gear—her family scattered and her spring muddied.

送孔巢父

杜甫

住霧間樹　遠暮車路　骨故留露　餘除席書　白如

肯煙地瑚　蛇景雲歸　龍風回引　澤陰女無　大野織虛　山寒萊點　是人君只　貴何如草　侯靜者意　夜置酒臨　琴惆悵月　歲寄我空　尋禹穴見　甫問訊今　何

不隨天珊　頭海留拂　掉入長欲　父將卷竿　巢東詩釣　深春蓬指　自世惜富　蔡清罷幾　南道

A FAREWELL

Chao Fu is shaking his head; no longer he wishes to stay.
Eastward is going, to follow the sea and the mist away.
Leaving to heaven and earth his verse as a monument
To fish by the coral trees that grow in the argent bay.

He flies the monstrous rout that haunts the marsh and deepest hills.
The windy scene of early Spring the shadowy twilight fills.
The Weaver Maid her cloudy car from lost Atlantis guides
To point through Space his wandering, lest fear his spirit chills.

His essence born in Fairy Land from hence can lightly fly.
Though mortal reason fail to see wherein the power lie.
Alas! that still he hovers o'er the bitterness of death!
Yet wealth and honors are but dew the rapid sunbeams dry.

Our Prince with kindness to his friends his flowing bounty shares.
The night was clear; the wine was set before the Palace stairs.
The music ceased—sad parting's sign—the Moon the banquet lit.
How many years before from Space his message lulls my cares?

To caverned Yü you southward go our friend Li Po to see.
I beg that you will bear to him a greeting kind from me.

兵車行

杜甫

蕭蕭馬鳴自
車行人弓箭各
耶孃妻子走
塵埃不見咸
牽衣頓足攔
哭聲直上干
道旁過者問
行人但云點
或從十五北
便至四十西
去時里正與
歸來頭白還
邊庭流血成
武皇開邊意
君不聞漢家
千邨萬落生
縱有健婦把
禾生隴畝無

腰
在
送
橋
哭
雲霄
行人
行頻
防河
營田
裹頭
戍邊
海水
未已
山東二百州
荊杞
鋤犁
東西

戰苦耐兵秦復況
雞與犬異不驅被

問有雖者夫如休
恨伸敢今年冬西卒
縣官急索租
租稅從何出

惡男生知是女
好女猶得嫁
生男埋沒隨百草

頭人鬼哭啾啾
收哭啾啾
君不見青海無
古來白骨
新鬼煩冤
天陰雨濕聲

THE CHARIOTS GO FORTH TO WAR

Chariots rumble and roll: horses whinny and neigh.
Footmen at their girdle bows and arrows display.
Fathers, mothers, wives, and children by them go—
'Tis not the choking dust alone that strangles what they say!
Their clothes they clutch; their feet they stamp; their crush blocks up the way.
The sounds of weeping mount above the clouds that gloom the day.

The passers-by inquire of them, "But whither do you go?"
They only say: "We're mustering—do not disturb us so."
These, fifteen years and upwards, the Northern Pass defend;
And still at forty years of age their service does not end.
All young they left their villages—just registered were they—
The war they quitted sees again the same men worn and gray.
And all along the boundary their blood has made a sea.
But never till the World is his, will Wu Huang happy be!

Have you not heard—in Shantung there two hundred
districts lie
All overgrown with briar and weed and wasted utterly?
The stouter women swing the hoe and guide the stub-
born plough,
The fields have lost their boundaries—the corn grows
wildly now.
And routed bands with hunger grim come down in
disarray
To rob and rend and outrage them, and treat them as
a prey.

Although the leaders question them, the soldiers' plaints
resound.
And winter has not stopped the war upon the western
bound.
And war needs funds; the Magistrates for taxes press
each day.
The land tax and the duties—Ah! how shall these be
found?

In times like this stout sons to bear is sorrow and
dismay.
Far better girls—to marry to a home not far away.
But sons!—are buried in the grass!—yon Tsaidam's
waste survey!
The bones of those who fell before are bleaching on the
plain.
Their spirits weep *our* ghosts to hear lamenting all
their pain.
Beneath the gloomy sky there runs a wailing in the rain.

哀江頭

杜甫

哭曲門綠苑色人側箭勒雲翼在得深息臆極城北
聲江千誰南顏一君弓金射飛何不閣消沾終滿城
呑曲鎖爲下生第侍帶黃仰雙今歸劍無淚豈塵望
老行殿蒲旌物裏君人齧天墜齒魂流此情花騎南
野潛宮新霓萬殿隨才嚼向正皓游東彼有江胡城
陵日頭柳昔中陽輩前馬身笑眸汚渭住生草昏往
少春江細憶苑昭同輩白翻一明血淸去人江黃欲

THE RIVER'S BRIM

One day of Spring went stealing to Chang-an River's side
An ancient rustic weeping. To check his sobs he tried.
The Palace doors are firmly locked. Beside the river's brim
Do willows slim and rushes put forth their green for him?

He sees again, Ah! sadly, the rainbow banners play.
And all the Southern Garden reflecting Love's array.
And Yang Kuei-fei the lovely beside her lover ride
Together in one chariot attending at his side.

Before the chariot eunuchs their bows and arrows bear.
The courser champs his golden bit. She turns her body fair,
And looking up to heaven with one bright smile she brings
From out the clouds a captive of Love with beating wings.

Those eyes so bright—those teeth so white—today where may they be?
The place her blood defiled her soul again may never see.

As Eastward through the Gorges the shining waters
bore,
So flowing on or stopping these lovers meet no more.

Ah! man is born for loving.—My breast is wet with
tears.
With river grass and river flowers if ended all our
fears!
Amid our country's twilight the Tatar horsemen ride.
Their dust clouds fill the city; the very roads they hide.

Notes:—少陵 is the birthplace of Tu Fu.
曲江 is a river near Chang-an.
昭陽 is the Court of Yang Kuei-fei, the 第一人 of the poem.
才人 are 內官, Palace attendants.
渭 a river.
劍閣 a gorge of that name.
胡 are the Tatars.

HOMESICKNESS

Upon the river's whiteness the birds more clearly fly.
And with the greenness of the hills the flowers more brightly vie.
In gazing on them all this Spring has slowly passed away.
The day that brings me home again—how long will Time deny?

絕　句

杜　甫

江碧鳥逾白
山青花欲燃
今春看又過
何日是歸年

T'AI SHAN

Of T'ai Shan what can one say?
Here Lu and Ch'i for aye
Freshly their youth retain.
  Here Heaven and Earth unite
Spiritual grace to form:
  As a pole of shade and light
It sunders the dusk and dawn.

Soaring through layers of cloud,
  At sight of it swells the breast.
At a glance the eye can view
  The birds coming home to rest.
But climb to the uttermost peak—
All other hills seem small
As the eye o'erlooks them all!

望　嶽

杜　甫

岱宗夫如何　齊魯青未了
造化鍾神秀　陰陽割昏曉
盪胸生層雲　決眥入歸鳥
會當凌絕頂　一覽衆山小

Notes:—Tai-tsung is T'ai Shan, one of the Five Sacred Mountains of China: so called because it is senior (伯) to the other four.

Ch'i: A former state forming part of southern Chihli and northern Shantung from B. C. 1122-412; and again reformed from B. C. 412-224.

Lu: a former state, in which Confucius was born.

DUKE WU'S TEMPLE

The long-deserted Temple has lost its red and green.
Upon these hills all overgrown no passer-by is seen.
Though still resounds the vacant air with Wu Hou's
last farewell.
He rests no more at Nan-yang, devotion's closing scene.

武 侯 廟

杜 甫

遺 廟 丹 青 落
空 山 草 木 長
猶 聞 辭 後 主
不 復 臥 南 陽

Notes:—Wu Hou, one of the generals of Liu Pei, after a lifetime of military service retired to Nanyang, whence at the close of a devoted life he sent to his master his last farewell.

The old age of Wu Hou is compared to the temple erected to him which has fallen into decay.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

The flutes that pipe in Chin-ch'eng town confuse the light of day.
Half lost in clouds, the river breeze the one half bears away.
Such music is confined to heaven, for Spirit ears alone.
How rarely can mere mortals catch the echo's distant play!

贈花卿

杜甫

錦城絲管日紛紛
半入江風半入雲
此曲只應天上有
人間能得幾回聞

THOUGHTS OF HOME

Amid the jade-green willow trees two golden orioles sing.
Across the clear blue sky a flight of soaring egrets wing.
The sighs of chilly Autumn, that breathe eternal snow
From Ormei's lofty mountain, about the casement flow.
Ah! would that they could take me back the thousand miles and more
From hence to home—those goodly ships that anchor at my door!

絕　句

杜　甫

兩　個　黃　鸝　鳴　翠　柳
一　行　白　鷺　上　青　天
窗　含　西　嶺　千　秋　雪
門　泊　東　吳　萬　里　船

THE CRESCENT MOON

The crescent Moon desired to mount on high.
Its slanting course ne'er grew to orbéd sway.
A little while it peered above the Hill;
Then lost in cloudy Sunset passed away.

The Milky Way no change of color knew.
No lofty peaks gleamed chiller for its fears.
The dews that fall so white within the Court
The flowers' cups wept full with quiet tears.

初　月

杜　甫

光細弦欲上
影斜輪未安
微升古塞外
已隱暮雲端

河漢不改色
關山空自寒
庭前有白露
暗滿菊花團

Note:—The crescent Moon is the Heir Apparent of Yuan Tsung, who fell in his first action against the rebels.

TO THE MOON

The Autumn drawing up along the Night,
Amidst mankind the Moon casts shadows bright.
The Toad sinks not amid the Milky Way.
His elixirs the Hare pounds on for aye.

All brings but sorrow to my heart sincere!
And makes my whitening hair more white appear.
O'er all the earth resounds loud war's alarms.
Illume no more, oh Moon! these traitors' arms.

月

杜　甫

天上秋期近
人間月影清
入河蟾不沒
搗藥兔長生

只益丹心苦
能添白髮明
干戈知滿地
休照國西營

Note:—The Toad and the Hare are inhabitants of the Moon, where the latter prepares the Magnum Opus.

They are used here as symbols for China, imperiled by intestine warfare, yet ever saved by the great life force of her people.

The Hare is also an incarnation of Buddha (see Rhys Davids: *Buddhism*).

THE TATAR HORSE

A Tatar horse from Derbend, all slimness, muscle, bone,
By ears erect like bamboo shoots its fiery spirit shown:
Hoofs swift as wind that spurn at space in rapid light career:
Fit to be trusted with your life in peril far or near.—
Ah, since a steed like this you own of such a haughty strength,
To burst across a thousand miles were but a journey's length.

房兵曹胡馬

杜甫

胡馬大宛名
鋒稜瘦骨成
竹批雙耳峻
風入四蹄輕
所向無空闊
眞堪託死生
驍騰有如此
萬里可橫行

POUNDING THE CLOTHES

That from the war you would not come, alas! too well
I knew!
And I must scrub the washing stone for Autumn's use
anew.
The bitter winter drawing on—the months of cold are
near.
And since we parted—ah! so long—the days so lone and
drear!

To pound these clothes such weary toil—yet how can
I refuse?
Then send them to the Wall—somewhere—(Where
may you be? I muse).
My woman's strength is all worn out (but not my
anxious care!)
Can you not hear the pounding drub come echoing on
the air?

擣衣

杜甫

返砧心深力音
不清寒別衣垣中外
成拭苦長擣塞閨空
知羊近經辭寄盡聽
亦秋已況寧一用君

THE HARVEST MOON. (13th of 8th month.)

The flying waters of the River in dancing in my eyes
And, beyond, like a dream, my boyish days flash home-
ward.
I come from wandering o'er the Earth—a stranger
wise and old
And the cycle of life—for all your Heaven is high.

Those mountain-walls where the world thins were made of
heat and snow.
Within the world each brilliant bird the passing
summer sees
Upon the Bridge in the River I wave, and gazing down
As though I leaned to reach the helm upon the waters
cold.

八月十五夜月

銀	輝	十	八
月	天	五	月
光	外	夜	十
流	来	月	五
轉	客	光	夜
擧	相	天	月
水	照	霜	雪
誰	樓	如	毛
比	臺	雪	兎
皇	欲	歟	秋

Note.—The "Palace in the Moon" commands the allusion to immortality. The poet spoke of the moonlight as sheet water which he could not embrace with his arms.

THE WANING MOON (16th of 8th moon)

Last night poured forth the Moon's bright golden
waves.
And all shall tell how pure this Autumn's dew.
The mountains seemed to spread across the Earth.
The Milky Way flowed past high Heaven through.

Fuel seekers from ravines with songs return.
A lone flute in the town its woe uplifts.
From dreams disordered starts the fisher boy:
At midnight's hour across the stream he drifts.

十六夜玩月

杜甫

舊挹金波爽
皆傳玉露秋
關山隨地闊
河漢近人流
谷口樵歸唱
孤城笛起愁
巴童渾不寐
半夜有行舟

THE FADING MOON (17th of 8th moon)

The Autumn Moon is rounded still this night.
At Kiang-tsun I pass my lonely age.
I roll the blind: she yet pours down her light.
She follows aye my staff-propped pilgrimage.

Her piercing beams the hidden dragons know.
Her radiance wakes the fluttering birds from rest.
In orange groves stands my thatched bungalow.
All purity in this fresh dew expressed.

十七夜對月

杜甫

秋月仍圓夜
江村獨老身
捲簾還照客
倚杖更隨人

光射潛虯動
明翻宿鳥頻
茅齋依橘柚
清切露華新

THE SETTING SUN

The curtain-hooks were gilt as sunset sank.
Springtide along the torrents turns to gloom.
Wafts from green shores yon gardens' sweet perfume.
The gatherers of fuel, their meal to cook,
Have stayed their vessel on a sandy bank.

The shrieking birds that fight to settle there
Fall down. And all about the garden—look!—
A cloud of insects flying in the air.
Oh! muddy lees of wine!—who made you so
That one deep draught will scatter all my woe?

落　日

杜　甫

落日在簾鉤
溪邊春事幽
芳菲緣岸圃
樵爨倚灘舟
啅雀爭枝墜
飛蟲滿院游
濁醪誰造汝
一酌散千愁

THE PILLAR OF THE SOUTH

Down to the utmost southern verge high dignity has
gone.
The greatest Minister of State thy writing beareth on.
From Halls of Ceremony called the glory onward flows.
How many barbarous nations greet thy tablet as it
goes!

About yon travelling Yamen what flowery gums exhale,
As southward bound through drizzling mist bears that
Spring-laden sail!
But ah, alas! how can I tell when from the purple sea
The destiny of heaven will send you back again to me?

送翰林張司馬南海勒石碑

杜甫

冠冕通南極
文章落上台
詔從三殿去
碑到百蠻開

野館濃花發
春帆細雨來
不知滄海上
天遣幾時回

Notes:—司馬 Ssu-ma: The Senior Minister for War. 上台=三公位: Three Ministers of State.

In the reign of The Emperor Yuan-tsung (元宗), after the subjugation of the 南詔 (Laos), a brazen pillar was erected to mark the frontier.

A BOATING PARTY

At sunset it is well indeed to let the shallop go,
When lapping waves before the breeze along the water flow.
For here are bamboo thickets green the wanderers to hide:
And fit is evening air to cool the vestal Lily's side.

The youthful Prince is splashing up the water's chilly waves
While lily-roots with silken threads the lovely maiden laves.
"Two's company!" Lo! o'er my head an inky cloudlet lours.
'Tis sure the *rain* that bends me o'er my poem ere it showers!

妓攜溝八丈子公貴諸陪
納涼晚際遇雨

杜甫

落日放船好
輕風生浪遲
竹深留客處
荷淨納涼時

公子調冰水
佳人雪藕絲
片雲頭上黑
應是雨催詩

AN AUTUMN VIEW

Across our view no bounds clear Autumn throws.
Yet masséd shades along the distance rise.
Yon waters take pure colors from the skies.
O'er yon lone town the veiling mist wave flows.

The few last leaves the breezes bear away.
Yon hills though far, behind them sets the sun.
Ah! why is not, lone Crane, thy journey done
When all the Woods with dizzy cawings sway?

野　望

杜　甫

清　秋　望　不　極
迢　遞　起　層　陰
遠　水　兼　天　淨
孤　城　隱　霧　深

葉　稀　風　更　落
山　迥　日　初　沉
獨　鶴　歸　何　晚
昏　鴉　已　滿　林

YO-YANG TOWER

Long since the fame of Tung-ting Lake I knew.
At last from Yo-yang Tower its truth I view.
To south and east two countries it divides;
While Earth and Sky swim ever on its tides.

No friend and no relation here engage.
This lonely boat my all in sickly age.
The war horse tramps the hills 'twixt home and me.
Yea, o'er this rail my tears fall bitterly.

登岳陽樓

杜甫

昔聞洞庭水
今上岳陽樓
吳楚東南坼
乾坤日夜浮

親朋無一字
老病有孤舟
戎馬關山北
憑軒涕泗流

Note:—Yo-yang Tower is on the west gate of Yochow town.
吳 is Kiangsu.
楚 is Hupeh.
乾 坤=天 地: Heaven and Earth.
涕=a discharge from the eyes.
泗=a discharge from the nose.

對雪

杜甫

北雪犯長沙
胡雲冷萬家
隨風且閒葉
帶雨不成花
金錯囊垂罄
銀壺酒易賒
無人竭浮蟻
有待至昏鴉

SNOW AT CHANGSHA

Out of the north the snow
  Is assaulting Changsha:
Its clouds over Hunan go
  (Where few snows are):
A myriad homes makes cold
  Far borne on the gale
With scattered leaflets old
  Where raindrops hail,
Not grown to flake-like flowers.

Empty of angels pale
  Flaccid my purse.
Yet a silver pot may bail
Credit for wine.
  No one to fetch it? Why then
I drain off the froth.
  Must I wait again and again
Till the dizzy crows
Come home to their roosting bowers?

Note:—花=六出花=Snowflakes.
浮蟻=Beads of froth.

A FAREWELL ODE

The world is full of battle.
  Why wilt thou ride away?
Thy friends all weeping round thee
  Because thou wilt not stay.
And yet your horse you saddle
  For yon lone city gray.

The leaves are falling, falling;
  The year is waxing old.
The mountains and the rivers
  The frosty snows enfold.
That parting but of yesterday
  Taught how they felt of old!

送遠

杜甫

天地滿甲帶
君遠爲胡行
一哭盡朋親
孤城去馬鞍
歲月晚木草
霜雪清河關
昨日已離別
人情古見因

THE PASSING SHOWER

At evening o'er the village a sudden gust arose.
The darkened court the rain has soaked in passing by.
Before the sunset now the grass is steaming dry.
The river's bright reflection on my far lattice glows.

My books are all disordered. Who else can put them straight?
The cup that now is dry, myself can fill again.
I often hear the whisper that brings the moment's hate.
Then wonder not if age from intercourse refrain.

晚晴

杜甫

村晚驚風度
庭幽過雨霑
夕陽薰細草
江色映疏簾
書亂誰能帙
杯乾自可添
時聞有餘論
未怪老人潛

THE KINDLY RAIN

The kindly rain its proper season knows.
With gentle Spring aye born in fitting hour.
Along the Wind with cloaking Night it goes.
Enmoistening, fine, inaudible it flows.

The clouds the mountain paths in darkness hide.
And lonely bright the vessels' lanterns glower.
Dawn shows how damp the blushing buds divide.
And flowers droop head-heavy in each bower.

春夜喜雨

杜甫

好雨知時節
當春乃發生
隨風潛入夜
潤物細無聲
野徑雲俱黑
江船火獨明
曉看紅濕處
花重錦宮城

Note:一宮城: The inmost of the Palace enclosures.

THE GEESE RETURN

They tell me that the geese this Spring
From far Canton their journey wing.
The flowers they see, and bid farewell
To the warm Ocean's southern swell.
By Lo-fu Hills they sail along
Until the melting snow be gone.

Such things the soldiers' spirits feel:
And hopes of home they sadly steal.
Yet frost and mist from year to year
These hills dispart, retaining here
The geese; that never should have crossed
The lakes where Autumn brings but frost.

歸　雁

杜　甫

聞道今春雁
南歸自廣州
見花辭漲海
避雪到羅浮
是物關兵氣
何時免客愁
年年霜露隔
不過五湖秋

Note:—五湖: The Tung-ting Lakes.
有霜有雁: With frost come the wild geese.

DAWN

In Po-ti town the watchman's rap is over for to-night.
On Yang-t'ai Hill the dawn grows up from darkness into light.
Upon the lofty mountain peaks the sunlight glances chill.
Below o'er massed ranges sleep the night-dark cloudlets still.

Above the river's bank up peers a slowly gliding sail.
The day so clear makes audible each falling leaflet frail
Beside the gate of woven thorn pass by a pair of deer.
Ah! could I join your troop to go where fairies linger near!

曉　望

杜　甫

白帝更聲盡
陽台曙色分
高峯上寒日
叠嶺宿霾雲
地坼江帆隱
天清木葉聞
荊扉對麋鹿
應共爾爲羣

Notes:—白帝 (Po-ti) now 永安 (Yung-an).
Yang-t'ai: a hill in Wu-shan Hsien (巫山縣).

MY REFLECTION BY NIGHT

Some scattered grass. A shore breeze blowing light.
A giddy mast. A lonely boat at night.
The wide-flung stars o'erhang all vasty space.
The moonbeams with the Yangtze's current race.

How by my pen can I to fame attain?
Worn out, from office better to refrain.
Drifting o'er life—and what in sooth am I?
A sea-gull floating twixt the Earth and Sky.

旅夜書懷

杜甫

細草微風岸
危檣獨夜舟
星垂平野闊
月湧大江流
名豈文章著
官應老病休
飄飄何所似
天地一沙鷗

THE PAIR OF SWALLOWS

A pair of swallows startled me at my passover meal
That to the northern Hall some mud were bearing for their nest,
Me. doomed till cooler autumn come in sweltering clime to rest,
Until with them I fly away, this damp and heat to feel.

The little ones into the world are born 'twixt Earth and Air.
Their parents here to bear them a weary journey wing.
To them above, to me on Earth, may Autumn freedom bring.
Then also I with them can fly this Outland of Despair.

雙　燕

杜　甫

旅食驚雙燕　
銜泥入北堂　
應同避燥濕　
且復過炎涼　
養子風塵際　
來時道路長　
今秋天地在　
吾亦離殊方

琴臺

杜甫

後病多陵茂
君文卓愛尚
世間人肆酒
雲暮日臺琴
鬱留寶花野
裙羅見草蔓
意鳳求鳳歸
聞復不寥寥

THE HALL OF HARPS

That long excess at Mao-ling had constant sickness brought:
And yet the princely Cho-Wen his dearest friend he thought.
Amidst the herded world of men a tavern must he keep.
O'er him as o'er his Hall of Harps the clouds of Sunset creep.

The rosettes that their cheeks made fair the wild flowers yet retain:
The colors of their silken robes our modern creepers stain.
But ah! the burden of his song, "The Phœnix seeks his mate,"
No more is heard—and fading hence left Echo desolate.

Notes :—Ssu-ma Hsiang-ju, of Chengtu in Szechwan, being at the end of his resources and sick, did not like to return to his home. The Prince of Cho had a daughter who was lately widowed and partial to music. Hsiang-ju moved her by his playing on the harp. When the Prince had to flee as a fugitive, Hsiang-ju sold all his effects and bought a tavern where the Prince sold wine and Hsiang-ju washed the wine cups.

The burden of the song with which Hsiang-ju moved the Princess was:

"The Phœnix oh! the Phœnix oh! back to his village came
From wandering over distant seas to seek his Love again."

鳳兮鳳兮歸故鄉
遨遊四海求其凰

Mao-ling—where Ssu-ma Hsiang-ju and Cho-wen sold wine—is in Chengtu. Hsiang-ju suffered from chronic dysentery.

蘗 yeh＝花鈿: Flower filagree work.
蔓草: The Convolvulus (?)

禹廟

杜甫

禹廟空山裏　蒼然對古今
落日斜橘柚　荒庭垂橡柚
古屋畫龍蛇　雲氣生虛壁
江聲走白沙　早知乘四載
疏鑿控三巴　

THE TEMPLE TO YÜ

Behold the temple to Great Yü betwixt two hollow hills!
The sun slopes down behind it, and the breath of Autumn chills.
Yet orange trees and pomeloes droop round the lonely halls.
And dragons, gods of waters, writhe about the ancient walls.

And all about each vacant room white misty cloudlets curl;
As far along the silver sand the river waters purl.
By boat, by cart, by sledge, by pile, he labored long ago
To pierce these distant hills and guide the tripie rivers' flow.

Notes:—四載: The four transports—
水乘舟 by boat across water.
陸乘車 on land by carts.
泥乘輴 over mud by sledges.
山乘樏 over hills by piles.
三巴=三流: The triple gorges.

The Temple to Yü is in Lin-kiang Hsien (臨江縣) two *li* from the Min River (岷江) in Szechwan.

洞房

杜甫

冷風秋起玉殿
新月舊宮遠同
中露白陵園北
山黃里萬清漏
往時今夜舟繫
池滿龍地應秦
房環珮洞

THE IMPERIAL TOMBS

The girdle ornaments are chill
  Of those that serve about the Tomb,
  Lost in the chamber's vaulted gloom.
And there the Hall of State is still;
But when the wind of Autumn sere
Comes wailing through the Palace drear,

The Moon o'erpeers the land of Ch'in,
  Now sloping down unto the West:
The Dragon Pool comes creeping in
  The ancient building to invest.
Another day of travel done,
We anchor with the setting sun.

The water clock with dripping clear
  As then marks out the passing Time:
And in my memory rise anear
  Those Gardens glittering white with rime:
A thousand miles away I view
The Tombs and Yellow Hill anew.

Notes:—黃山: The name of the Palace.
園陵: The tomb of Yuan Tsung (元宗)

THE MOCKING BIRD

What! Is the mocking bird come?
The Spring, he comes to say,
The Spring is here to-day.
All sounds, all words he knows.
His feathers preen how he will,
He is the same bird still.

Where flowers most thickly screen,
Difficult to be seen,
His varying notes deride
The topmost boughs between.
If out of time he chide,
Lo! slander at your side!

百舌

杜甫

百舌來何處
重重祇報春
知音衆衆語
整翮豈多身
花密藏難見
枝高聽轉新
過時如發口
君側有讒人

THINKING OF MY BROTHERS ON A MOONLIT NIGHT

The war drum booms: all roads are bare.
One wild goose clangs: 'tis Autumn there.
Our nightly dews hence will be white.
On our old home the Moon is bright.
Brothers have I all scattered far.
Homeless, how know if still they are?
Letters I send: but none reply.
Is this not War's sad tyranny?

月夜憶舍弟

杜甫

戍鼓斷人行
邊秋一雁聲
露從今夜白
月是故鄉明

有弟皆分散
無家問死生
寄書長不達
況乃未休兵

Note:—Tu Fu had two younger brothers, one in Honan, and one in Shensi.

新婚別

杜甫

菟絲附蓬麻
引蔓故不長
嫁女與征夫
不如棄路旁

結髮爲妻子
席不暖君牀
暮婚晨告別
無乃太匆忙

君行雖不遠
守邊赴河陽
妾身未分明
何以拜姑嫜

父母養我時
日夜令我藏
生女有所歸
鷄狗亦得將

君今生死地
沈痛迫中腸
誓欲隨君去
形勢反蒼黃

勿爲新婚念
努力事戎行
婦人在軍中
兵器恐不揚

自嗟貧家女
久致羅襦裳
羅襦不復施
對君洗紅妝

仰視百鳥飛
大小必雙翔
人事多錯迕
與君永相望

THE BRIDE'S LAMENT

Where choked with hemp and weeds the dodder grows
  It lowly creeps and hides its drooping head.
Your daughter better to have cast away
  Beside the road, than to a soldier wed.

As your young wife I dressed my maiden hair;
  Yet had not time, alas, to warm your bed.
At twilight married, Dawn brought sad farewell—
  Short hours of hurry that too quickly fled.

Hoyang indeed is not so very far—
  That frontier post to which your steps are sped.
But how can I before your parents serve
  Ere yet our marriage rites are finished?

Both day and night my parents kept retired
  My tender life; until, the maiden's due,
The time arrived that I should married be.
  Then my old pets accompanied me too.

Beside the Realm of Death you live—Ah! me!—
  My heart is rung with anguish and with rue.
In hesitation trembles all my frame.
  And yet I swear I long to go with you.

Upon our recent marriage do not dwell!
  Set all your heart your duties stern to do.
For if your wife were with you in the host,
  In vain, I fear, would arms or glory sue.

Alas! that I, of humble parents born,
Too long have tender silk and samite worn!
My thoughts no more can silk or samite sway,
As my sad tears wash all my rouge away.

I lift my eyes to see the birds that fly—
Both great and small, all pairing in the sky—
All human things the gales of Fate constrain.
Ah! were I only joined to you again!

羌村

杜甫

峥嵘赤雲西
日脚下平地
柴門鳥雀噪
歸客千里至

妻孥怪我在
驚定還拭淚
世亂遭飄蕩
生還偶然遂

隣人滿牆頭
感歎亦獻欷
夜闌更秉燭
相對如夢寐

CHIANG TSUN

The sunset reddens o'er the lofty peak.
The sun steps down the level plain to seek.
  The sparrows twitter on the wicker door—
Home!—yet so many miles have left me weak.

My wife and children start to see me here.
Surprise scarce vanquished wipes a furtive tear:
  To think that swept by anarchy away
Yet Chance returns me to each bosom dear.

The garden wall with neighbors' heads is lined.
Each breast surcharging breaks in sighings kind.
  All night beside the candle's beam we sit,
As though in dreams and absence still we pined.

Note:—秉燭: To hold the candle: as Kuan-yü (關羽) did when shut up all night by Tsao-Tsao with the wives of Liu Pei.

The poem refers to the story of a young man who was carried away prisoner during troublous times. One can imagine that in such days of unrest as, say, the Taiping Rebellion, such occasions must have frequently occurred.

螢火

杜甫

出草腐因幸
飛陽太近敢
卷書臨足未
衣客點能時
小幔隔風隨
微林傍雨帶
重霜清月十
歸處何零飄

THE FIREFLY

Born from rotting grasses damp
  Still the daylight thou must fear
On my scroll thy tiny lamp
  Scarcely lets the words appear.
But on stranger's dress from far
Shinest thou a tender star.
Or when wind-borne on the gauze
Of my window making pause,
Small thy phosphorescent beam
As a fairy's eye doth gleam.
From the rain you safely hide
In the woodland undescried.
But once November's frosts are chill
Thou leaflike fadest from the hill.

Note :—The firefly is common in most parts of China, and on a dark evening of spring may be seen in numbers, each floating like a little lamp about the trees.

A scholar of old, when illuminants were dear or unknown, is said to have used fireflies as lamps to study by at night. The Chinese children have a rime which they call to the firefly to make him settle that they may catch him. The Kweilin version is as follows:

Mien-hua, mien-hua, ch'ung ch'ung Lo lai E pun mi-tang.

"Firefly, firefly, come down: I have a bowl of honey."

"Mien-hua:" probably a corruption of "ying huo," the classical name for firefly.

玉華宮

杜甫

長風松迴溪
瓦古鼠竄蒼
殿下壁絕構遺
青火鬼房陰
瀉竽筆笙壞
灑道哀湍萬
籟眞空正秋
土假輿馬黃
金侍石獨物
坐把問者故
草藉淚盈途
年
憂來歌浩
征
人爲粉黛乃
時
誰是

YÜ HWA GUNG

Returned from years of exile, lo, I find
The fir trees groaning in the dismal wind:
Beneath I know not what lost Prince's hall
The field mouse burrows in the shattered wall.

The rooms are dim and baleful corpse fires glare
O'er mouldering walls and streak the murky air.
The bamboos sob a note of piping wail
Through Autumn's gloomy damp and misty veil.

To yellow clay each lovely maid is turned:
My foot the sherds of ointment boxes spurned:
And where the Prince's chariots once were seen
Stone horses now watch where his tomb has been.

Upon the grass the singer now must sit
To pour with tears the hoarseness of his song:
And ponder how to deep oblivion flit
The men who rode the paths of battle strong.

天河

杜甫

常時任顯晦
秋至最分明
縱被微雲掩
終能永夜清
含星動雙闕
伴月落邊城
牛女年年渡
何曾風浪生

THE MILKY WAY

Often hidden, often bright,
Clearest on an autumn night,
Sometimes covered with the shroud
Of some fleecy streak of cloud,
Yet, when passed, thou dost appear
All the night both bright and clear.
In and out thy starry doors
  Fly the fairies of the sky,
For we see them opening, closing,
  As each spirit passes by.
Thou descendest with the moon
  Down the high empyrean hill:
Ah, but thy most precious boon
  When thou holdest breathless still,
Lest the weaver maid might miss
Her herdboy lover's annual kiss.

Note:—The Milky Way is called in Chinese the River of Heaven. On either side of its banks are the stars known as the Herdboy and Weaver Girl which meet only once a year (on the 7th day of the 7th moon). The legend says that on these spirits being married they were so much in love as to quite neglect their daily avocations, much to the disgust of the gods, who separated them and allowed only one meeting a year. These are the Spirits of Love in China, and on the day of their meeting the young unmarried women give a public exhibition in their homes of embroidery work, etc.

The twinkling of the stars in the Milky Way is said to be the opening and closing of their gates as spirits enter and leave. The Australians call the Milky Way "The Ash Path of Souls."

POEMS BY VARIOUS AUTHORS

FLOWER LOVE

By Wang Wei

Dost wonder if my toilet room be shut?
If in the regal halls we meet no more?
I ever haunt the Garden of the Spring;
From smiling flowers to learn their whispered lore.

班婕妤

王維

怪來粧閣閉
朝下不相迎
總向春園裏
花間笑語聲

Note:—婕妤: The Handsome Fair: A title of honor applied to the most literary of the Imperial concubines of the Han Dynasty. This quatrain celebrates one of them who instead of competing for favor amid the other ladies of the Court found more pleasure in making love to the flowers.

LIFE'S ROAD

By Wang Wei

'Tis time to say farewell. My horse I stay.
The Palace Moat is chilled as if with woe.
Before me stretch the Hills in grand array.
Went you with me, it were no grief to go.

留別崔興宗

王維

駐馬欲分襟
清寒御溝上
前山暑氣佳
獨往還惆悵

TO-DAY

By Wang Wei

I had lately removed back to near Meng-ch'eng Valley:
A few ancient trees, some waste willows were left.
But he who comes after me, what will he find here?
Why yearn for the glories the Years have bereft?

孟城坳

王維

新家孟城口
古木餘衰柳
來者復爲誰
空悲昔人有

A SILENT NIGHT

By Wang Wei

My idle days are counted by the falling cassia flowers.
Upon the hills the Spring alone records the noiseless hours.
At sudden rising of the Moon loud shrieks each forest bird.
And yet amid the vernal streams their song is often heard.

鳥 鳴 澗

王 維

人 間 桂 花 落
夜 靜 春 山 空
月 出 驚 山 寺
時 鳴 春 澗 中

Note:—Cassia flowers bloom all through the year, and therefore are an emblem of Immortality.

THE FORM OF THE DEER

By Wang Wei

So lone seem the hills; there is no one in sight there.
But whence is the echo of voices I hear?
The rays of the sunset pierce slanting the forest,
And in their reflection green mosses appear.

鹿柴

王維

空山不見人
但聞人語響
返景入深林
復照青苔上

Note: 柴=The place where the deer sleeps: its "form."
返景=落日返照之影

THE MOON

By Wang Wei

In bamboo thicket hid, sitting alone am I.
First my guitar I strum; then stop to whistle a while.
Amid the grove so thick, no mortal can me spy.
But we behold each other, the lucent Moon and I.

竹裏館

王維

獨坐幽篁裏
彈琴復長嘯
深林人不知
明月來相照

THE HUNT

By Wang Wei

The bows of horn are twanging, and bitter blows the North,
As from the town of Wei-ch'eng the hunters issue forth.
The hawk's eye gazes keenly across the prairie dry.
The snow is gone, and lightly the horsemen gallop by.
To Hsin-li town we sweep along; then back to Hsi-liao.
Lo! where we shot the eagle rolls the clouded sunset now!

觀獵

王維

風勁角弓鳴
將軍獵渭城
草枯鷹眼疾
雪盡馬蹄輕
忽過新豐市
還歸細柳營
回看射鵰處
千里暮雲平

Note:—Wei-ch'eng is in Si-an Fu, in the Ch'ang-an district.

HSIANG CHI TEMPLE

By Wang Wei

For Hsiang-chi Temple seeking far and near
O'er cloudy peaks for miles I wandered lone.
In this old wood no human tracks appear.
In hills so vast how trace the bell's deep tone?

Huge boulders swallow up the bubbling streams.
In chilly gloom the firs the daylight snare.
The pools alone sing to the twilight's beams.
Here meditation rules each hissing care.

過香積寺

王維

不知香積寺
數里入雲峯
古木無人徑
深山何處鐘
泉聲咽危石
日色冷青松
薄暮空潭曲
安禪制毒龍

終南山

王維

太乙近天都
連山到海隅
白雲迴望合
青靄入看無
分野中峯變
陰晴衆壑殊
欲投人處宿
隔水問樵夫

CHUNG-NAN HILL

By Wang Wei

The mighty hill of Chung-nan is near to Si-an town;
And sloping to the river its skirts go pouring down.
I gaze about.—On every side the white clouds gird the sky.
On near approach no verdant lawns among its masses lie.
The peaks from every point of view their melting outlines change.
In each ravine the light and shade through many colors range.
And should you wish a house to find where you the night may pass,
They only know who o'er the stream come up to cut the grass.

終南別業

王維

中歲頗好道
晚家南山陲
興來每獨往
勝事空自知
行到水窮處
坐看雲起時
偶然值林叟
談笑無還期

MY VILLA AT CHUNG-NAN

By Wang Wei

In middle age I loved to walk the path of Buddhist lore.
A home I've made these latter years on Chung-nan's frontier hoar.
As prompts the mood I ever come to wander here alone,
Where all the pleasure that I find is mine and all mine own.
Some stream I follow to its source; and there I set me down
To watch the clouds come drifting up across the mountains brown.
Perchance some aged rustic may light upon me there:
Forgetting time we chat and laugh, oblivious of care.

"SO FAREWELL. AND IF FOR EVER, STILL FOR EVER FARE YE WELL."

By Wang Wei

Quitting my horse, a cup with you I drank.
And drinking, asked you whither you were bound.
Your hopes unprospered, said you, turned you round
To sleep amid the Range's outer ground.
You went. I asked no more. The White Clouds pass,
And never yet have any limit found.

送別

王維

下馬飲君酒
問君何所之
君言不得意
歸臥南山陲
但去莫復問
白雲無盡時

山居秋暝

王維

空山新雨後
天氣晚來秋
明月松間照
清泉石上流
竹喧歸浣女
蓮動下漁舟
隨意春芳歇
王孫自可留

LATE SUMMER

By Wang Wei

The vacant hills are fresh with recent rain.
The coming autumn threats in evening's chill.
Amid the firs the moon peeps in again.
Bright flashes o'er the stones each mountain rill.
With chat of maids, who take their homeward way
Their washing done, the bamboo groves resound.
The fisher's skiff the lotus brushes round:
The water ripples as they stir and sway.
Although the fragrance of the Spring be gone,
Yet Nature's lover well may linger on.

A MOUNTAIN RETREAT

By Wang Wei

Over against the Chung-nan Hill
See shyly peer my roof of thatch:
The whole year round so lone and still
No stranger's hand will lift the latch
Time is my own to idle here;
In pebbled rills the fish to catch:
Or quaff a flask of vintage clear.
Come thou and share my simple cheer:
One moment's pleasure snatch.

答張五弟諲

王維

終南有茅屋
前對終南山
終年無客長閉關
終日無心長自閒
不放飲酒復垂釣
君但能來相往還

Note:—The Chung-nan Hills are near Si-an Fu in Shansi

WAITING

By Meng Hao-jan

The evening sun the Western Hills has crossed.
The crowd of valleys are in darkness lost.
The Moon Night's coolness heralds o'er the pine.
While rills and breezes pipe their music fine.

Those seeking fuel have almost all gone home.
The birds are settling in their leafy dome.
Beside the pathway all with creepers dressed
My lonely harp is calling you to rest.

宿 來 公 山 房

(待 丁 大 不 至)

孟 浩 然

夕 陽 度 西 嶺
羣 壑 倏 已 暝
松 月 生 夜 涼
風 泉 滿 清 聽
樵 人 歸 欲 盡
烟 鳥 棲 初 定
之 子 期 宿 來
孤 琴 候 蘿 徑

SPRINGTIDE DREAMS

By Meng Hao-jan

In Springtide's dreams the dawn is sweetly drowned;
Till everywhere the songs of birds resound.
I heard last night the rush of wind and rain.
How many Flowers have fallen to the Ground?

春　曉

孟浩然

春眠不覺曉
處處聞啼鳥
夜來風雨聲
花落知多少

Notes :—Spring, i.e., love : Flowers, i.e., fair hopes.

CROSSING THE SIANG AT NIGHT

By Meng Hao-jan

Night though it be, o'er the waters of Siang
To cross by the ferry the traveller longs.
He knows by their fragrance the pear trees in blossom
That some gather lilies, he knows by their songs.

By lights on the shore is the bold helmsman steering
The fisher boy sleeps in the mist on the lake.
The voice of those passing is heard in the darkness
"To Tsen-yang, I pray you, which way should we take?"

夜渡湘水

孟浩然

客行貪利涉
夜裏渡湘川
露氣聞芳杜
歌聲識采蓮

榜人投岸火
漁子宿潭烟
行旅時相問
涔陽何處邊

ON JUN CHOU CITY WALL

By Ch'iu Wei

At eve the wanderer climbs the wall beside the river's brim,
The Wall upon the bound of Heaven where all looks wildly dim.
The islets float almost awash upon the vernal tides.
The male and female rainbows a dying shower divides.

A distant bird, a lonely sail, afar off I can see.
The rising mist curls close beneath a solitary tree.
The hills beside my native place I cannot view aright:
Those ranges west of Kuangling have cut them off from sight.

登潤州城

邱爲

天末江城晚
登臨客望迷
春潮平島嶼
殘雨隔虹霓

鳥與孤帆遠
烟和獨樹底
鄉山何處是
日斷廣陵西

Notes :—虹 Is the male, 霓 The female rainbow.
廣陵 : In 揚州

THE PEAR TREE BY THE SIDE DOOR

By Ch'iu Wei

Thy beauty pure outmocks the driven snow.
About our robes thy wafted fragrance clings.
The Breath of Spring has never ceased to flow:
Towards the Palace steps thy Scent it wings.

左掖梨花

邱爲

冷豔全欺雪
餘香乍入衣
春風且莫定
吹向玉階飛

PEREUNT ETIAM RUINAE

By Ch'en Tze-ang

There, to the South from the Chieh-shih Inn,
A far off—behold—is the Tower of Gold:
The place of the Yen the wild birds ken
Where the masses of foliage lie fold on fold.
Peace is to Shao Wang who ruled of yore.
His plans of conquest are now no more.—
The horse that I rode I again bestrode
And returned by the way that I came before.

薊 邱 覽 古

陳 子 昂

南 登 碣 石 館
遙 望 黃 金 臺
邱 陵 盡 喬 木
昭 王 安 在 哉
霸 圖 悵 已 矣
驅 馬 復 歸 來

EVENING

By Ch'en Tze-ang

Late, late: and grey day darkens into eve;
While trembling in the birth of Autumn air
The flower of Life is shaken till it falls.
And what of all the hopes we formed so fair?

感遇

陳子昂

遲遲白日晚
嫋嫋秋風生
歲華盡搖落
芳意竟何成

CHIU-HUA KUAN IN SPRING

By Ch'en Tze-ang

Yon fairy Tower of purest jade how many ages knew!
From Tan-ch'iu Hill far off it seems to melt away from view.
The torrents seem to mingle with the sunlit cloudy sky.
The roofs of leaf-hung arbours are lost in mists on high.

On trees a thousand winters old the snow-white heron leaps.
One hundred feet in rainbow shape the bridge spans o'er the deeps.
In such a place might still be met some elfin sage of old.
Upon the path of Heaven I sit his coming to behold.

春日登九華觀

陳子昂

白玉仙臺古
丹丘別望遙
山川亂雲日
樓榭入烟霄

鶴舞千年樹
虹飛百尺橋
還逢赤松子
天路坐相邀

Note :—榭—A kiosque with trees about it.

THE GRASS

By Po Chü-i

How densely thick the grass upon the plain!
Decay and splendour one year to it brings.
The corpse-fires burn it down—but all in vain—
With each new breath of Spring it lives again.

Its fragrance creeps across the Ancient Ways
Its sun-lit verdure o'er the ruin strays.
Its growth speeds Nature's lover on his ways.
With wild farewells its long luxuriance rings.

草

白居易

離離原上草
一歲一枯榮
野火燒不盡
春風吹又生

遠芳侵古道
晴翠接荒城
又送王孫去
萋萋滿別情

A MIST SKETCH

By Po Chü-i

Beneath the firs the lad to me replied:—
"My master has but gone to simples seek."
He said: "He climbed this nearest mountain side."
(Then, with a pause, he added, gazing wide:—)
"The clouds are dense; he's hidden in the reek."

尋隱者不遇

白居易

松下問童子
言師採藥去
只在此山中
雲深不知處

Note:—This poem is intended to show the simple similarity of early verse to pictures.

THE POND

By Po Chü-i

Her shallop small the little maiden rows.
With stealthy hand the waterlilies white
She comes to pluck and bear away; nor knows
How to conceal her traces.—See, there goes
Her track across the floating duckweed light.

池上

白居易

小娃撐小艇
偷採白蓮回
不解藏踪跡
浮萍一道開

A NIGHT ON THE CHI PAN HILLS

By Shen Ch'uan-ch'i

Wandered many a league and far
The Chipan peaks are my inn to-night.
The moon of the hills my window fills.
And the Milky Way at the door is bright.
The springtide scents each verdant dome;
The cuckoo calls in the night so clear.
The wanderer sleepless lies to hear
How the morning cocks crow loud at home.

夜宿七盤嶺

沈佺期

獨遊千里外
高臥七盤西
山月臨牕近
天河入戶低
芳春平仲綠
清夜子規啼
浮客空留聽
褒城聞曙鷄

陸渾山庄

沈佺期

歸來物外情
負杖閱岩耕
源水春花入
幽林採藥行
野人相問姓
山鳥自呼名
去來獨吾樂
無能愧此生

THE OLD RETIRED OFFICIAL

By Shen Ch'uan-ch'i

Now the world is all behind me,
Never comes its echo here.
On the greybeard's staff supported
From the hills I see the farmers
Till the fruitage of the year.
Should a passer search to find me
Let him, like the man of yore,
Follow up the murmuring brooklet
Till he see the flowering peach tree
Standing by the cottage door.
Lost am I in lonely valleys,
Like to him who culling simples
In the forest's gloomy alleys
Entered to return no more.
Here, like travellers, the people,
Not like cheery neighbours greeting.
Ask each others' names on meeting.
Bird to bird from tree to tree
Pipes: "Who art thou that callest me?"
Though I wander, still and lone,
Lonely must my pleasures be.
Sorrowful and shamed I moan
That lack of talent exiles me.

巫山

沈佺期

巫山高不極
合沓狀奇新
暗谷疑風雨
陰崖若鬼神

曉峽三明月
春江九滿潮
客臺陽問爲
人夢入知應

THE GORGES OF THE YANGTZE

By Shen Ch'uan-ch'i

The Magic Hill soars out of sight
  Piled up in weird fantastic form.
In each ravine such shadowy night
  As comes from wind and rain and storm.
In each abyss the gloom of hell
Where ghouls and hideous devils dwell.

Within the triple gorge from high
  The Moon sheds down a kind of dawn.
In Spring the rivers nine foam by.
  What else of wild is here forlorn
Oh! ask not me.—He who in dream
Its spirit saw would fitter seem.

Note:—The San Hsia—triple gorges—are: (西陵峽: 歸鄉峽: and 巫峽) Hsi-ling gorge, Kuei-hsiang gorge, and Wu gorge, the word Wu meaning wizard. The nine rivers are the Niao-po, Feng, Niao, Kah-fey, Ch'üan, Yüan, Lin, T'i, and K'un. (烏白江; 蜂江. 烏江, 嘉靡江, 畎江, 源江. 廩江. 提江 and 菌江.

"In dream its Spirit saw."—Prince Hsiang of Ch'u when at Yang-t'ai saw in a dream a lovely maiden, who declared herself to be the Fairy of the Wu Shan. Cf. "The Dream of Maxen Vledig" in the Mabinogian.

"IN THE SPRING"

By Wang Chang-ling

"Within her peaceful chamber, no care the maid oppressed;
Until the verdant Tower she climbed one springtide, gaily dressed.
The stir of sprouting foliage beyond the street she saw.
Regret she'd sent her love to fame rose swelling in her breast."

閨怨

王昌齡

閨中少婦不知愁
春日凝妝上翠樓
忽見陌頭楊柳色
悔教夫壻覓封侯

LONGING

By Chang Chiu-ling

Since, ah! you went away,
What grief my mind can sway?
I yearn like the moon at full:
Am duller day by day!

自君之出矣

張九齡

自君之出矣
不復理殘機
思君如月滿
夜夜減清輝

THE SOLITARY

By Chang Chiu-ling

Up from deep Ocean to seek the far Northland
Soars on broad pinions the lonely wild swan.
Below him he hears the loud clang of the marshes,
Yet dare not descend their dread waters upon.

As he passes high-sailing he notes in the pearltree
Two halcyons are building their beautiful dome.
High up in the glittering branches they build it,
That no jealous bullet may reach their bright home.

True is it that riches attract the ill-wisher,
And gods too resentful the high-placed must rue.
Yet I who but wander alone and deserted
Can never awaken the hunter's halloo.

感遇

張九齡

來上海鴻孤
顧敢不潢池
鳥翠雙見側
樹珠三在巢
巔木珍矯矯
懼丸金無得
指人患服美
惡神逼明高
冥冥遊我今
慕所何者弋

THE WATERFALL

By Chang Chiu-ling

Comes from the red earth cliff rushing the waterfall high,
Sheer from the azure ether, half way up to the sky.
Under the scattered trees plunges with wrack and roar:
Sprays like another bank of clouds to the zenith soar.
There in the sunlight dances the rainbow Iris form.
The sky is blue: yet is heard the crash of the rain and storm.
The hills in sympathy blend; their beautiful colours glow.
Mingle the earth and sky in the waters' hollow bow.

湖口望廬山瀑布水

張九齡

萬丈紅泉落
迢迢半紫氛
奔流下雜樹
洒落出重雲
日照虹霓似
天清風雨聞
靈山多秀色
空水共氤氳

Note:—The form of this poem resembles the fine description of a waterfall in Lord Byron's Childe Harold (Canto 4: Verse 69 et seq.) especially in the inclusion of the Iris.

The situation is in the Lieu Shan.

CARPE HORAS

By Ts'en Ts'an

I see the flowers of this year as good as those of last:
But, oh, the maid of last year this year is ageing fast.
The maid, unlike the blossom, her youth may not renew.
You failed, alas, to gather up the bloom ere it was past.

韋員外家花樹歌

岑參

今年花似去年好
去年人到今年老
始知人老不如花
可惜落花君莫掃

DESOLATION

By Ts'en Ts'an

Dismounting from my horse I climb the city's girdling wall.
The town of Yeh, of old so fair, is wild and ruined all.
The zephyrs blow the corpse fires' glow about each shattered hall.
While dun the twilight follows on the sunset's cloudy pall.
Before the Southern angle stands The Brazen Tower of yore.
The river's flow must eastward go, returning nevermore.
The palace courts are waste and lone; no footfall echoes there.
How sadly Spring its flowers must bring to each deserted door!

登古鄴城

岑參

下馬登鄴城
城空復何見
東風吹野火
暮入飛雲殿
城隅南對望陵臺
漳水東流不復回
武帝宮中人去盡
年年春色爲誰來

遺拾二杜寄日人

參岑

人日題詩寄草堂
遙憐故人思故鄉
柳條弄色不忍見
梅花滿枝空斷腸

身在南蕃無所預
心懷百憂復千慮
今年人日空想憶
明年人日知何處

一臥東山三十春
豈知書劍老風塵
龍鍾還忝二千石
愧爾東西南北人

TO TU FU

By Ts'en Ts'an

To Cheng-tu lo! as greeting a New Year verse I send.
Ah, pity him who from his home a banished age must spend!
The fresh green shoots of willow I cannot bear to see.
The plum trees full of blossom my very vitals rend.

As Prefect here in Szechwan I have no grasp of things.
With thousand fears and worries my anxious duty stings.
This New Year we are distant far; I merely dream of you.
But who can tell if next year another meeting brings?

Like him who on the Eastern Hills for thirty years had slept
Perchance from age my book and sword to scattered dust have crept.
Two thousand piculs salary although my dotage win,
Ah! had I only, free as you, my power of roaming kept!

Notes:—人日=7th of 1st moon.
草堂=Tu Fu's home at Cheng-tu.
南蕃 i.e., Szechwan.

書劍—Book and Sword—the impedimenta and insignia of the scholar. The latter has, as in Europe, fallen into disuse.

(Perhaps also used to signify "body and mind.")

Hence perhaps the Magic sword of the Taoist—as Virgil became a magician.

RECOLLECTION

By Wen Ting-hsün

Alone upon this river tower
What gloomy thoughts my heart devour!
Like waters still the moonbeams flow.
The river joins the sky below.
But where are they who with me came
To gaze upon her lambent flame?
The scene is much like last year's: yet
Those gone how can my heart forget?

江樓書懷

溫庭筠

獨上江樓思悄然
月光如水水如天
同來玩月人何在
風景依稀似去年

SPRIGS OF WILLOW (An allusion)

By Wen Ting-hsün

Beside the Hall of Hsi Shih by Yeh-ch'eng's city wall
The willow branches stretch their hands in mute appeal to all.
Their shadows on the river with those of sails compete;
Their nearer bendings brush the bank with salutation sweet.
What bound the Wanderer's heart-strings and bade him turn again
Was not the verdure of the grass all lush with vernal rain.

楊柳枝

溫庭筠

館娃宮外鄴城西
遠映征帆近拂堤
繫得王孫歸意切
不關春草綠萋萋

Notes:—Hsi Shih: see the poems by Li Po and Tu Fu in this volume and notes thereto.

Yeh Ch'eng: the capital of the state of Wei (魏) where are many poplars and willows, on the Ling-yen Hill (靈岩山) near Ku Su, the residence of Hsi Shih. The ruins of Yeh Ch'eng are described in another poem in this volume.

ANCHORED BY NIGHT

By Chang Chi

The failing of the moonlight the cawing crow awakes,
And glitters all the sky above with shining frosty flakes.
The maples on the river bank, the lamps the fishers bear,
Cast gloomy shadows through the night that vex our rest with care.
From yonder Chill Hill Temple by Soochow's ancient town
The sudden booming of the bell, the midnight calling down,
Comes with a clang that startles our ship-borne comrades' ears.
Imagination's pulses beat quick with shadowy fears.

楓 橋 夜 泊

張 繼

月 落 烏 啼 霜 滿 天
江 楓 漁 火 對 愁 眠
姑 蘇 城 外 寒 山 寺
夜 半 鐘 聲 到 客 船

節婦吟

張繼

君知妾有夫
贈妾雙明珠
感君纏綿意
繫在紅羅襦

妾家高樓連苑起
良人執戟明光裏
知君用心如日月
事夫誓擬同生死

還君明珠雙淚垂
恨不相逢未嫁時

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

By Chang Chi

That I am duly married, assuredly you know,
And yet to me you send as gift twin pearls of mystic glow.
For this your kind devotion my heart must grateful be.
I hung within my red silk vest those pearls I might not show.
My dwelling is a lofty one within a stately dome.
My husband is a soldier who guards the Emperor's home.
I recognize your love as bright as shining sun or moon:
Yet swear to serve my husband, and never from him roam.
With your bright pearls I send again twin tears as crystal clear,
Regretting that we had not met ere Fortune placed me here.

A VILLAGE SCENE

By Ssu Kung Shu

Returning from my fishing my skiff I left unbound.
The moonlight brings sweet slumber on all the village round.
Though by the wind all night pursued, my shallop cannot stray.
'Tis grounded where the rushes in shallow ripples play.

江村即事

司空曙

罷釣歸來不繫船
江村月落正堪眠
縱然一夜風吹去
只在蘆花淺水邊

詠柳花

薛能

浮生失意頻
起絮又飄淪
發自誰家樹
飛來獨院春

朝容蒙斷砌
晴影過誰憐
亂掩宮中蝶
繁衝陌上人

隨波應到海
霑雨或依塵
會向慈恩日
輕輕對此身

THE SONG OF THE WILLOW FLOWERS

By Hsieh Neng

Cast into Life—without an object born—
Oh, Willow Catkins by Time's eddies torn—
Ah! what fond Tree has cast you on the air
To fly with Spring into my Yard forlorn?

At morn your carpet hides the flagstones bare,
Your sunlit gliding shadows wake no care.
The butterflies are shrouded in your clouds,
As well as those ascending Heaven's stair.

The River bears you to the Ocean's breast.
Or clogging Rain amid the dust has pressed.
Oh, when the day of Love and Joy be come,
May You as lightly on my bosom rest!

Notes:—Spring is Love.

River: The Stream of Time.

Ocean: The Ocean of the Past, which stands ever still. Nur ewig still steht die Vergangenheit.

Clogging Rain: The gross delights of sensuality.

Heaven's stair: "To be wise and love, is granted only to the Gods above."

一葉落

薛能

(淮南子: 一葉落, 而天下知秋)

輕葉下悠悠
天高片影流
隨風來此地
何樹發先秋

變色黃應近
辭林綠尚稠
無雙浮水面
孤絕落關頭

乍見誠難覺
將彫勢未休
客心空月比
誰肯問新愁

THE FALLING LEAF

By Hsieh Neng

From Heaven's height a Flake of shadow glides.
A light Leaf idly sailing downward goes,
Is wafted by the zephyrs to the Earth.
Which Tree is it that first the Autumn shows?

Its color changed! The Yellow must be nigh.
The Woods it left are glossy yet with Green.
Alone it floats upon the water clear;
Or lone descends upon the Pass unseen.

At sight of it a sadness touches me.
This Sereness will not end with one, I fear.
So far from Thee—my heart a vacant moon!
Why wish to know another sorrow near?

Note:—The Yellow is the yellow tinge of autumn foliage, the Yellow Springs of Hades.

春江花月夜

張若虛

春江潮水連海平
海上明月共潮生
春艷隨波千萬里
何處春江無月明

江流宛轉繞芳甸
月照花林皆如霰
空裏流霜不覺飛
汀上白沙看不見

江天一色無纖塵
皎皎空中孤月輪
江畔何人初見月
江月何年初照人

人生代代無窮已
江月年年望相似
不知江月照何人
但見長江送流水

悠悠子樓徊臺去來聞君度文花家盡斜霧路歸樹
悠勝舟月徘鏡不還相照不成落還欲西海限人江
去不扁明月妝捲拂不流光水夢不去復藏無幾滿
片上夜思上人中上望華飛躍潭半春月沈湘月情
一浦今相樓離簾砧相月長潛閒春流落沈瀟乘搖
雲楓家處憐照戶衣時逐雁龍夜憐水潭月石知月
白青誰何可應玉搗此願鴻魚昔可江江斜碣不落

MOON THOUGHTS

By Chang Jo-hsü

Over a river by the ocean floating
That flows not for the tide
The moon uprises on the waters' motion
With equal kingdom wide.
The Ocean's face is radiant with her glory.
Perfumed through flowery banks the river flows,
And serpents with a winding desultory
By flowering woods that gleam as purest snows,
So white that ivory no outline shows,
Nor seen the white sand on the shore thereby.
The fleckless sky meets with the stainless sea:
And wheel-large floats in vast eternity
The moon upon the flawless crystal sky.

Who by this river first beheld her face?
Whom by this river did the moon first see?
Ah, many generations of his race
Have come, and past into infinity
While she rode lightly in immensity.
I do not know for whom her beams alway
Shine—but the river waters flow away!
And one white fleck of cloud them follows too,
Tracing their windings with its pearly hue.
To-night who floats upon the tiny skiff?
From what high tower yearns out upon the night
The dear beloved in the pale moonlight,
Alone, so lonely with the lonely moon?

In the deep chamber where her hair she braids,—
And where the moon oft kissed our arms entwined—
Where, oh, we parted—lo, she rolls the blind
And inward steps the moon with silent pace:
Or noiseless gazes on her thoughtful face
When busied in the working of her maids.

To each unknown our thoughts go forth to meet.
How would I ride the moonbeams to thy feet!
The wild swans and the geese go sailing by
But rob not any brightness from the sky:
And fishes ripples on the water pleat.

Last night, when dreaming, ah, I seemed to see
That many flowers had fallen by this stream.
And low I moaned, "Already spring will flee
And I can barely see thee in a dream."
The waters bear away the spring; and now
But scattered stars remain upon the bough.
The moon is sinking to her western hall,
Darkened and drooping in the sea mists' pall.

From thee to me I cannot tell how far!
How many with the moon home wandered are
I cannot tell—But as the shadowy trees
Stir on the stream with sighings sad and lone,
So sighs my soul to thee, my own, my own!

SPRING IN THE HAREM

By Ts'ui Tao-jung

My husband to the wars has gone
And I a cloak for him would make:
To wrap him from that rugged clime
Lest bitter cold his slumbers break.
But when I tried to cut the words
Of "Happy Spring" as omen fair,
The chilling breath that winter leaves
Benumbed and left me helpless there.
If cold am I, far colder thou
Upon those desert plains and bare!
Thou lookest for thy cloak and I
Of sending it despair.

春　閨

崔道融

欲剪宜春字
春寒入剪刀
遼陽在何處
莫望寄征袍

Note:

"CUT THE WORDS OF HAPPY SPRING:"

Chinese women are very sensitive to cold, and in cold weather, before attempting sewing or embroidery, cut out in paper the words "Happy Spring" to see whether their fingers are in trim for the work.

春從何處來

白行簡

欲識春生處
先從木德來
入門潛報柳
度嶺暗驚梅
透雪銀花散
消冰水鑑開
曉迎郊祀發
夜逐斗杓回
淑氣空中變
新聲曲裏催
偏能調律呂
應是候陽臺

WHENCE COMES THE SPRING?

By Po Hsing-chien

If thou wouldst know from whence the Spring is born,
It rises from the virtues of the trees.
Its slow approach to willows first it tells:
Crossing the mountains wakes the sleeping plum:
Entering the snows, it melts their silver flowers:
Ungeals the ice; loosens the water's glass.
At dawn it comes all holy from the East:
At night to East the Dipper's handle turns.
Its balmy breath in vasty space renewed
Comes in rejoicing with a new-born song.
But ere it spreads o'er all its mantle green
It needs the sun to mount the Tower of Pride.

THE NEGLECTED BEAUTY

By Wang Ch'ang-ling

Than colors of the peony my raiment is more fair.
The breeze across the Palace lake takes fragrance from my hair.
My love is hidden in my breast, a fan conceals my pain,
A clear Moon in an Autumn Night, I wait my Lord in vain.

西宮秋怨

王昌齡

芙蓉不及美人妝
水殿風來珠翠香
却恨含情掩秋扇
空懸明月待君王

LEAVE ME NOT

By Meng Hsiao

You wish to go—and yet your robe I hold.
Where are you going—tell me, dear,—to-day?
Your late returning does not anger me,
But that another steal your heart away.

古 別 離

孟 郊

欲 去 牽 郎 衣
郎 今 到 何 處
不 恨 歸 來 遲
莫 向 臨 邛 去

Note: 臨 邛 Was the Suburra of Ch'ang-an.

餘杭醉歌贈吳山人

丁仙芝

燕襟紅幕曉
烏項白城春
語上梁來只
趨中府向不
曙聲鼓坎坎頭城
樹桃櫻種新庭滿
開亂撩夜昨花桃
臺樓色發軒當
酒杯命長城月春
月待君留後酒
回送君月明將還

AN INVITATION

By Ting Hsien-chih

As at break of daylight chirping
  Comes the robin to my sill,
As in Spring the whitethroat twitters
  On the eaves so blithe and shrill,
So you hover, never enter,
  Keep me waiting, waiting still.
When rat-a-tat the drums awake
  And sleep the city flees,
I see the garden flaunting fair
  With new set cherry trees.
Last night a myriad blooms were born
Whose tender pink the flushing dawn
  Reflects in coloured seas.
I've bought a goodly store of wine.
The second moon, the Spring Divine
The time to fill the chalice high
Is come: and when we've drunken deep
Will we a moonlight vigil keep.
Yea, till she fade and wax again
Shall you rejoicing here remain.

Notes:—Drums awake: There is in Chinese cities no noise of wheeled traffic. The soldiers beat their drums at sunset and sunrise.

The second moon: about April, equivalent in temperature in most parts of China to an English summer.

HOPE

By Li Shang-yin

The dawn is clear: no breath the dew to shake.
And at the window I alone awake.
Amidst the smiling flowers the orioles sing.
If not for me for whom this happy Spring?

早　起

李商隱

風露澹清晨
簾間獨起人
鶯花啼又笑
畢竟是誰春

THE SPRING

By Chang Chung-sur

The geese in lofty flight recross
The Tai-yeh lake:
And in the Emperor's garden all
The new buds break.
The year brings light to every place
If palace or if cot:
But no one knows what colors yet
The spring will take.

漢 苑 行

張 仲 素

回 雁 高 飛 太 液 池
新 花 低 發 上 林 枝
年 光 到 處 皆 堪 賞
春 色 人 間 總 未 知

THE AUTUMN MOON

By Tu Shen-yen

In autumn's sky high floats the silver Moon.
One mourner gazes on the lonely night.
Her bow, now bent into a crescent, soon
Will fanlike open to a globe of light.
Such dazzling purity how many dews
Have tear-like laved? With, ah, what icy thrill
Thy shining, frozen surface still imbrues
The breeze that pierces with a sudden chill
This summer garb of mine! Such shudders rend
The heart that quivers for the distant friend.

和康五望月有懷

杜審言

明月高秋迴
愁人獨夜看
暫將弓竝曲
翻與扇俱團
露濯清輝苦
風飄素影寒
羅衣此一鑒
頓使別離難

ABSENCE

By Wei Ch'eng-ch'ing

My eagerness chases the sun and the moon.
I number the days till I reach my home.
The winds of autumn they wait not for me,
But hurry on thither where I would be.

蜀道後期

韋承慶

客心爭日月
來往預期程
秋風不相待
先至洛陽城

EHEU FUGACES

By Wei Ch'eng-ch'ing

Mournfully, mournfully rolls the Long River.
  Saddened, ah saddened, the stranger's breast.
The flowers as they fall his fate recall,
  As each flutters down in the earth to rest.

南行別弟

韋承慶

澹澹長江水
悠悠遠客情
落花相與恨
到地一無聲

經漂母墓

劉長卿

昔賢懷一飯
茲事已千秋
古墓樵人識
前朝楚水流

渚蘋行客薦
山木杜鵑愁
春草茫茫綠
王孫舊此遊

PIAO MU'S TOMB

By Liu Chang-ch'ing

The hero remembered the old mother's meal—
This tale that I tell happened ages ago—
The tomb that he built her the fuel-gatherers know.
Of that Dynasty only the rivers yet flow.

With islet-grown frog-bite the passers adore.
The goatsucker wails on the high wooded shore.
The Spring makes the grasses as verdant, I feel,
As when princely Han Hsin passed by here of yore.

Notes:—Han Hsin (韓信) when in distress on being given a meal by Piao Mu said that some day he would recompense her. She replied that she did it merely from regard to a Prince's descendant, as Han Hsin was, and needed no recompense. After the foundation of the Han (韓) Dynasty, in the establishment of which Han Hsin's generalship greatly assisted, he made this tomb to her memory. The tomb is thirteen miles west of Huai-an Fu (淮安府). Opposite to it is the tomb of Han Hsin's own mother, the two being called the Eastern and Western Graves. The Han Dynasty ruled in Ch'u.

"In the 3rd and 4th moon the goatsucker wails all night until the dawn with a bitter lamenting."

A WINTER SCENE

By Liu Chang-ch'ing

The daylight far is dawning across the purple hill.
And white the houses of the poor with winter's breathing chill.
The house dog's sudden barking, which hears the wicket go,
Greets us at night returning through driving gale and snow.

逢雪宿芙蓉山

劉長卿

日暮蒼山遠
天寒白屋貧
柴門聞犬吠
風雪夜歸人

Note:—Hibiscus Hill is in the Tu-ch'ang district of Nan-k'ang Prefecture. Its peaks of various sizes look like the petals of a hibiscus flower.

THE AUTUMN FESTIVAL

By Wang Chien

The slanting moonbeams light the court; the crows roost in their bowers.
Without a sound the chilly dew has wet the cassia flowers.
Upon the moon to-night so clear all human eyes must gaze.
But what fond breast will ponder on the coming Autumn days?

十五夜望月

王建

中庭地白樹棲鴉
冷露無聲濕桂花
今夜月明人盡望
不知秋思在誰家

THE ANCIENT PALACE

By Wang Chien

The ancient Palace lies in desolation spread.
The very garden flowers in solitude grow red.
Only some withered dames with whitened hair remain,
Who sit there idly talking of mystic monarchs dead.

故 行 宮

王 建

寥 落 故 行 宮

宮 花 寂 寞 紅

白 頭 宮 女 在

閒 坐 說 玄 宗

Note: The Palace : is that of Yang Kuei Fei.

破山寺後禪院

常建

清晨入古寺
初日照高林
曲徑通幽處
禪房花木深

山光悅鳥性
潭影空人心
萬籟此俱寂
惟聞鐘磬音

THE HALL OF SILENCE

By Ch'ang Chien

Where the sun's eye first
Peers above the pines,
On the ancient temple
Early daylight shines.
To retirement guiding
Leads the winding way:
Round the Cell of Silence
Flowers and Foliage stray.
Hark! the birds rejoicing
In the mountain light!
Like one's dim reflection
On a pool at night
Lo! the heart is melted
Wav'ring out of sight.
All is hushed to silence.
Harmony is still.
The bell's low chime alone
Whispers round the hill.

HSI SHIH'S WASHING STONE

By Lou Ying

When Hsi Shih steeped her yarn
Beside the purling brook,
Like mosses on her washing stone
Men's hearts with yearning shook.
But since she went to Ku Su
And thence returned no more,
For whom do Peach and Plum trees bloom
Along the vernal shore?

西施石

樓穎

西施卽日浣紗津
石上青苔思殺人
一去姑蘇不復返
岸傍桃李爲誰春

Note:—Beauty is departed, leaving but its dream. See other poems in this volume by Li Po, Tu Fu, etc., on this subject.

On the side of T'u-ch'eng Hill (土城山) is a stone called "Hsi Shih's washing yarn stone."

PEACH FLOWER CAVE

By Chang Hsü

We caught mid the wreathing mists
A glimpse of the spanning bridge;
And asked of the fishing boats
By the jetty's western ridge.
"The peach flowers float," they said,
"All day down the gushing stream
By the Clear Torrent's side
Is the Peach Flower Cave, we deem."

桃 花 谿

張 旭

隱 隱 飛 橋 隔 野 烟
石 磯 西 畔 問 漁 船
桃 花 盡 日 隨 流 水
洞 在 清 溪 何 處 邊

Note:—The Peach Flower Cave is southwest of T'ao-yuan Hsien (桃源縣) in Ch'ang-te Fu (常德府). To the north of the cave is the Peach Flower Cascade.

DISAPPOINTMENT

By Hsü Chün

From the sea the Swallow
  Flying to his nest
Sees the silver sunlight
  Sloping to the West;
Homes of the Five Nobles
  Noting from afar,
Where the Gates of Refuge
  Ought to stand ajar.
But, ah! those halls are barred and fast:
  No footstep enters there.
The eastern wind has overcast
  The bloom it brought to bear!

汧游薄遂不居卜有客

隴因題

許　渾

海燕西飛白日斜
天門遙望五侯家
樓台深鎖無人到
落盡東風第一花

Notes:—The scene described is on the River Ch'ien (汧), a branch of the Wei River (渭) in Shensi. The halls look in the sunset distance like clouds. The East wind has slain the first flower (hope) that its caress opened.

FALLAX PUER

By Tsui Kuo-fu

The golden steps, ah! I had swept so clean!
The frost I brushed away was white as snow.
He came not. To my room I entering
The curtains drew, and touched the lute's sweet string.
To see the Autumn Moon were double woe!

古　意

崔國輔

淨掃黃金階
飛霜皎如雪
下簾彈箜篌
不忍見秋月

Note:—The Autumn Moon reminds me of being a "fan in autumn"—i.e., discarded.

THE TOWER

By Yang Shih-ngo

The huai trees nodding blossoms the city girdle round.
The night rain from the hills has brought the river's bubbling sound.
In Autumn's gale from sheltered ways each horse and cart has fled.
Alone on this high tower I feel the ghosts of nations dead.

登　樓

羊士諤

槐花蕭疏繞郡城
夜添山雨作江聲
秋風南陌無車馬
獨上高樓故國情

Note:—cf. Longfellow's "The Town of Prague."

ANCHORED AT NIGHT

By Tu Mu

The mist half hides the water chill. The moon-lit sand gleam'd dim.
At night we anchored on the Huai beside a hostel trim.
The singing girls know nothing of a fallen nation's shame.
Their lay of "Love amidst the Flowers" across the river came.

泊秦淮

杜牧

煙籠寒水月籠沙
夜泊秦淮近酒家
商女不知亡國恨
隔江猶唱後庭花

Note: 商女 Professional singing girls.

REGRETS

By Chao Ku

Upon the River Tower alone how sorrowful am I!
The moonbeams join the water; the water meets the sky.
All those who came this Moon to view, ah! whither are they gone?
This scene appears to me like one of ages long gone by.

江樓書懷

趙嘏

獨上江樓思悄然
月光如水水如天
同來玩月人何在
風景依稀似去年

Note:—依稀=彷彿.

THE BRAZEN TOWER

By Liu T'ing-ch'i

The Brazen Tower looks down upon the lone abandoned grave.
The dust of Tsao Tsao's heir reposes by the river's wave.
Towards this sunset gazing their glory we deplore.
A dream of their sweet dancing girls, fond memory, haunts us more.

銅雀臺

劉廷琦

銅臺宮觀委灰塵
魏主園陵漳水濱
卽今西望猶堪思
況復當時歌舞人

Note:—The Lord of Wei is Tsao Tsao.
Yuan-Ling is the grave of the Heir Apparent.

林上發花

王表

早何春苑上
林滿已花繁
主伏明迎笑
人簪美拂香

近臺露雨接樓地
深露雨垂天
蝶舞來光晴
禽棲動景夕

勢雲凌托欲
心日捧開先
李桃看試
樹陰成不處何

YOUR GARDEN FLOWER

(A Serenade)

By Wang Piao

How early to your Garden comes the Spring!
How all your Woods are filled with Flowers fair!
Like guards they smile upon their Mistress dear,
And sweetly stoop to brush my Lady's hair.

The Earth is happy in your near abode.
Your bounteous Heaven scatters rain and dew.
The Butterflies come thronging to your Light.
And birds at evening wake from dreams of you.

I inly feel your Sun my heart has sought;
And yearn amid your lofty Clouds to soar.
What other place appears not dark beside
The Peach and Plum trees leading to your Door!

Note:—"The Peach and Plum trees," i.e., the lilia mista rosis.

效古秋夜長

錢起

秋漢飛玉霜
北風掃荷香
含情紡織孤燈盡
拭淚相思寒漏長

簷前碧雲淨如水
月弔棲烏啼雁起
誰家少婦事鴛機
錦幕雲屏深掩扉
白玉牕中聞落葉
應憐寒女獨無依

AN AUTUMN NIGHT

By Ch'ien Ch'i

The Milky Way is shining as bright as pearling frost.
The water lilies' fragrance in northern winds is lost.
Beside a lonely lamp she weaves, and hides her love
away.
Her tears she wipes to note how slow the clock drips
out the day.

The moonlit clouds are floating like mist before the
eaves.
The wild goose flaps, as cawing the crow his roosting
leaves.
Ah! what young wife is working a love bird on her
loom?
An inlaid silken screen conceals her inner sleeping
room.
Beside the lucent window she hears the falling leaves.
Alas for her whose solitude a lover's absence grieves!

Note:—"The clock drips out the day," i.e., a water clock.

MOON DREAM

By Kao Shih

Cool rides the Moon in Night's clear space.
My floating skiff is aimless still.
Dream-lost in wastes of waves and wind
With Autumn I reclothe the Hill.
That Autumn trembles to the Fall
Makes grief the wanderer's bosom thrill.

東平路作

高適

清曠涼夜月
徘徊孤客舟
渺然風波上
獨夢前山秋
秋至復搖落
空令行者愁

"NONE SHALL BE ALONE IN HIS APPOINTED TIMES"

By Kao Shih

In glory Kings have flourished here:
And wise men came to view their state.
Behold! the vista of the years—
A ruined tower recalls their fate!
Throughout all Space the Winds of Woe
The ripened Grass lay desolate.

宋中

高適

梁王昔全盛
賓客復多才
悠悠一千年
陳跡唯高臺
寂寞向秋草
悲風千里來

Note:—The above refers to the capital city of Liang Hsiao Wang of the Han Dynasty (漢代梁孝王) called later Ti-ch'iu (商丘) in Honan Province.

田家雜興

儲光羲

種桑百餘樹
種黍三十畝
衣食既有餘
時時會賓友

夏來菰米飯
秋至菊花酒
孺人喜逢迎
稚子解趨走

日暮閒園裏
團團蔭楡柳
酩酊乘夜歸
涼風吹戶牖

清淺望河漢
低昂看北斗
數甕猶未開
來朝能飲否

RUSTIC FELICITY

By Chu Kuang I

My little farm fivescore of silk trees grows
And acres five of grain in ordered rows.
Thus having food and clothing and to spare
My bounty often with my friends I share.

The Summer brings the ku-mi rice so fine;
Chrysanthemums in Autumn spice the wine.
My jolly spouse is glad my friends to see:
And my young son obeys me readily.

At eve I dawdle in the garden fair
With elms and willows shaded everywhere.
When, wine-elated, Night forbids me stay,
Through door and window grateful breezes play.

Bright, shoal and plain I see the Milky Way;
And high and low the Bear o'er Heaven sway.
As yet intact some Bottles bear their Seal.
And shall to-morrow their contents reveal?

Notes:—"Wine-elated:" The Chinese, although a sober race, are fond of a little conviviality at times and to *desipere in loco.* In this connection I remember a Japanese gentleman relating the tale of an assault commencing: "We were at the Japanese Hotel, all getting very happily drunk together." So Horace Carmen 4,11, Est mihi nonum superantis annum Plenus Albani cadus.

"Ku-mi:" An ancient kind of rice, species unknown. The annotator says it is 彫胡米.

吳宮教美人

吳　秘

畫兵陳客有
吳霸欲成功
略將承顏玉
符軍指釦金

暗雲風珮轉
趨繡錦鞾鳴
粉落頻花雪
珠流盡汗香

令欺誰笑掩
誅用必刑嚴
術子孫今至
隅邊靜可猶

THE AMAZON CORPS

By Wu Pi

A training scheme a stranger brought
Which used would make you Lord of Wu.
The General was a lovely maid,
Her helm all gold and jewels inlaid,
As she the Marshal's baton swayed,
And told them what to do.

Her soldiers all were ladies fair,
And as they turned them round,
Like wind and rain about their waist
Their jewelry rattled. When in haste
To sound of drum the army raced,
Like snowy petals o'er the ground
The powder flew; and pearling dew
Ran down in rivers rare.

They wish to laugh, but do not dare
Lest they should lose their heads—
You say that this is but a dream;
But if this Sun-tze's clever scheme
Were used again to-day, I deem
We'd sleep safe in our beds.

Note:—(History). Sun Wu called upon the Prince of Wu about matters of military strategy. The Prince sent out the ladies of the Palace, whom Sun-tze divided into two companies, making the Prince's best-beloved concubine their leader. The women at first took it all as a joke, but were reprimanded. As they kept on sniggering Sun-tze had two of the leaders executed in the cause of Wu. The Prince seeing from this that Sun could handle soldiers made him a General. He conquered Hupeh, etc.

投珠於淵

獨孤綬

至道歸淳朴
明珠被棄捐
失眞來照乘
成性却沈淵

不是靈蛇吐
猶疑合浦旋
岸傍隨日落
波底共星懸

至遠終無脛
懷貪豈比肩
欲知恭儉德
所寶在惟賢

THE PEARL (Memoriam)

By Tu Ku-yuan

To turn us back to Natural purity
  Is, after all, the highest State.
And for this cause the Pearl was thrown away
  An offering to Fate.

For it had lost its Purity to serve
  As mere adornment to a Prince's car.
But when it plunged again within the Gulf
  Such use no more could mar.

Had not a Fairy Serpent spat it forth,
  What hope it could regain its element?
It sunlike sank where Western Deeps reflect
  The starry Firmament.

So far it went—not all its force its own—
  Who covets never can with such compare—
To honor frugal virtue would you learn?
  Grasp Wisdom's jewels rare!

Notes:—合浦旋: Return to Ho-pu, i.e., Pakhoi, where many pearls are found. To return to the place of origin.

隨日落: Went down with the Sun, i.e., entered the Western Heaven: died.

終無脛: After all had no feet, i.e., could not move by itself, i.e., needed the divine volition to throw it.

As is also recorded of a king of Ceylon, the Prince of Sui once saw a wounded serpent, which he cured. The serpent, in gratitude gave him a large pearl,—hence called the Sui Hou Pearl,—which he attached to his chariot as a lamp. In a time of famine he was besought to sell it to buy food for his people, but he declined. When numbers had died of starvation and there was no food to be purchased, he threw away the Pearl as an offering to Fate. The story seems to be connected with Buddhist legend, and to be applied here to some one withdrawing from mundane favors.

THE WATERS OF E

By Lo Pin-wang

From this spot the Prince rose and fled.
The hair on the assassin's head
Raised his hat. Though the ancients are dead,
Still chill flows the water with dread.

易水送別

駱賓王

此地別燕丹
壯士髮衝冠
昔時人已沒
今日水猶寒

CONTENT

By Ho Chih-chang

The Lord of All to us is all unknown.
And yet these Woods and Springs must
Some One own.
Let us not murmur if our Wine we Buy:
In our own Purse have we Sufficiency.

題袁氏別業

賀知章

主人不相識
偶坐爲林泉
莫謾愁沽酒
囊中自有錢

THE FISHERMAN

By Liao Tsung-yuan

Amid the western hills there slept an aged fisherman.
At dawn he lit a bamboo fire, drew river water wan.
And as the mist clouds rolled away the light showed no one there.
The mountain torrents flowed in green; his whoop was free from care.
One glance around the sky he gave; pushed off to middle stream.
The mystic caves retain him not; the clouds his pilots seem.

漁翁

柳宗元

漁翁夜傍西巖宿
曉汲清湘燃楚竹
煙銷日出不見人
款乃一聲山水綠
迴看天際下中流
巖上無心雲相逐

Note:—款乃 "Or-him" an onomatopœia.

THE DEBAUCH

By Wang Chi

Fill up this day the sorrow-drugging bowl!
What matter though we drown the brighter soul?
With wine o'ercome when all our fellows be,
Can I alone sit in sobriety?

過酒家

王績

此日長昏飲
非關養性靈
眼看人盡醉
何忍獨爲醒

BEAUTY IN DISGRACE

By Wang Ch'ang-ling

At dawn I sweep my room and see the Palace gates
set wide.
A fan neglected, to and fro I waft from side to side.
The night-chilled crow is lovelier than I, once held so
fair.
His face reflects the glory of the Sun that rises there.

長信秋詞

王昌齡

奉箒平明金殿開
且將團扇共徘徊
玉顏不及寒鴉色
猶帶昭陽日影來

LONGING

By Wang Ch'ang-ling

Within the Western Quarter upon this lofty tower
The beacon fire lies ready against the fated hour.
Across the yellow twilight upon its sea-breeze wings
The stir of coming Autumn its melancholy brings.
Above the Pass and o'er the Hills the lonely Moon is bright;
And thrills to hear my homesick flute cry wailing through the night.
The thought of our sweet chamber; the longing and the smiles,
Why should they come to vex me across so many miles?

從軍行

王昌齡

烽火城西百尺樓
黃昏獨坐海風秋
更吹羌笛關山月
無那金閨萬種愁

THE PAINS OF LOVE

By Ku Chih

The yellow willow waves above; the grass is green below.
The peach and pear tree blossoms in massed fragrance grow.
The East Wind does not bear away the sorrow at my heart.
Spring's growing days but lengthen out my still increasing woe.

春　思

賈　至

草色青青柳色黃
桃花歷亂李花香
東風不爲吹愁去
春日偏能惹恨長

THE FALLEN GARDEN

By Ku Chih

About the Garden flies at dusk an aimless crow or two.
A house or two are scattered round as far as eye can view.
The trees not knowing all have gone, that they alone are left,
Their Flowers with returning Spring as formerly renew.

山房春事

賈至

梁園日暮亂飛鴉
極目蕭條三兩家
庭樹不知人去盡
春來還發舊時花

PARTING

By Chang Chien

Bright blow the flowers, the willow weeps beside the river clear.
Within the grove a twig is stirred by zephyrs breathing near.
If on this bank, amid such scenes fond sorrow fills my heart,
What grief must murder all my breast on Yonder Shore to part!

送丁文六

常建

花映垂楊溪水清
微風林裏一枝輕
卽今江北還如此
愁殺江南離別情

IN MONGOLIA

Wang Chih-huan

The Yellow River rises far from fleecy cloudland tossed.
Mid peaks so high our tiny town to sight is almost lost.
Why need my Mongol flute bewail the elm and willow missed?
Beyond the Yü-men Pass the breath of Spring has never crossed.

涼州詞

王之渙

黃河遠上白雲間
一片孤城萬仞山
羌笛何須怨楊柳
春風不渡玉門關

Notes:—The Yellow River is supposed to rise in the Kun-lun Mountains.

"Elm and willow:"—The flute complains that the time of plucking green (cf. the translator's "Stealing Green at Pakhoi"), the Spring Festival, has come—but the spring verdure does not appear in time in this northern climate. A sprig of willow is given to departing friends.

The Ch'iang are a tribe of Ouigours.

THE FLUTE THAT WAILS BY NIGHT

By Li I

Below the Hui-lo Peak the sand shines clear and white as snow.
Around Shou-chiang city like frost the moonbeams flow.
Who blows yon wailing reedy flute whose echo shrills my ear,
And tunes the warrior's heart all night to dream of home so dear?

夜上受降城聞笛

李益

回樂峯前沙似雪
受降城外月如霜
不知何處吹蘆管
一夜征人盡望鄉

Notes: Hui-lo Peak is 130 miles west of 大同府 in Shansi.
蘆管 A reed flute.

YANG KUEI-FEI IN DISGRACE

By Li I

With freshened dew the flowers are damp in Spring-tide's fragrant bowers.
In Chao-yang Court the sound of songs disturbs the moon-lit hours.
As slow as if it held the sea drips on the water clock.
Its tedious dripping seems to me the long drawn night to mock.

宮　怨

李　益

露濕晴花春殿香
月明歌吹在昭陽
似將海水添宮漏
共滴長門一夜長

Note :—長門 : The residence of the Empress when out of favor.

THE DULLNESS OF THE HAREM

By Ssu Ma Li

The willows interlacing the gilded mansion hide.
At dawn the oriole sorrow trills through all the Palace wide.
The Flowers from year to year that fall what mortal eye can view
Still carried with their Spring away upon the moat's dull tide?

宮怨

司馬禮

柳色參差掩畫樓
曉鶯啼送滿宮愁
年年花落無人見
空逐春泉出御溝

Note :—The Flowers are the maidens of the Harem.
Spring typifies Youth and Love.

THE RUINED CITY

By Liu Yu-hsi

By hills enclosed, surrounded by its ancient country fair
Revealing when the tide recedes its desolation bare,
The moon that o'er the river Huai climbed up the Eastern Tower
Still comes to overpeer its wall in midnight's lonely hour.

石 頭 城

劉 禹 錫

山 圍 故 國 周 遭 在
潮 打 空 城 寂 寞 回
淮 水 東 邊 舊 時 月
夜 深 還 過 女 牆 來

Note:—石頭城 is west of 應天府 (Nanking).

TEMPUS EDAX

By Liu Yu-hsi

Beside the bridge of Chu-ch'io wild flowers and grasses grow.
Along the ancient pathway the evening sunbeams flow.
The swallows that once circled round the halls of lordly pride
Now twitter round the humble homes these later ages know.

烏 衣 巷

劉 禹 錫

朱 雀 橋 邊 野 草 花
烏 衣 巷 口 夕 陽 斜
舊 時 王 謝 堂 前 燕
飛 入 尋 常 百 姓 家

Note:—烏衣巷在應天府南：晉王導謝安居此，其子弟皆烏衣：因名．巷口有朱雀橋

THE WIND OF AUTUMN

By Liu Yu-hsi

The Autumn Wind from whence is hither borne?
The geese in flocks it hisses forth in scorn.
At dawn our garden trees before it fall.
The lonely Wanderer hears it first of all.

秋風引

劉禹錫

何處秋風引
蕭蕭送雁羣
朝來入庭樹
孤客最先聞

THE STORK TOWER

By Wang Chih-huan

Round the day-hiding hill the sunbeams pour.
The Son of Sorrows melts into the Sea.
But would we wish the Farthest Verge to see,
There still is left to mount One Story more.

登鸛雀樓

王之渙

白日依山盡
黃河入海流
欲窮千里目
更上一層樓

DESIRE

By Li Tuan

The blinds I raised; with joy the New Moon saw.
The steps descended, eager to adore.
My whispered prayer might not be heard of *men*.
The North Wind's fingers at my girdle tore.

拜新月

李端

開簾見新月
卽便下階拜
細語人不聞
北風吹裙帶

Note :—Compare :

"And Venus loves the whisper of plighted youth and Maid,
In April's ivory moonlight beneath the chestnut's shade."

SNOW ON CHUNG-NAN HILLS

By Tsu Yung

Dawn-shaded peaks of Chung-nan Hills their lovely forms display.
Their mass of snow amidst the clouds seems floating far away.
The woods stand out against the sky in colours clear and bright,
Yet stretching o'er the city's morn the chilly hands of night.

終南望餘雪

祖詠

終南陰嶺秀
積雪浮雲端
林表明霽色
城中增暮寒

SU'S PLEASAUNCE

By Tsu Yung

To this retiréd pleasaunce when I rove
The wish for solitude in me upwells.
Before the portals high yon mountain swells.
The placid Lee reflects the garden's grove.
Last winter's snow the bamboo brakes retain.
Dark glooms the court ere shades of evening fall.
I sit alone to hear the birds that call
Beyond the pale of men the Spring again.

蘇氏別業

祖詠

別業居幽處
到來生隱心
南山當戶牖
澧水映園林
竹覆經冬雪
庭昏未夕陰
寥寥人境外
閑坐聽春禽

Note:—南山 is Chung-nan Hill.
澧水 An affluent of the Tung-ting Lake.

宿天竺寺

陶翰

松山天宮　柏西開闕　亂微一生　巖徑峯虛　口通見空

正千夜鐘　殿樓來梵　倚標猿寒　霞石鳥雲　壁叢靜中

岑泉心了　翠聲超與　映亂諸懸　湖溪境解　月風外同

改候氣發氣明
東崖長視起起
漾蕩濃色湖湖
曨曈漸光海海

在尚踪仙葛葛
崇猶道氏許許
事來古往獨獨
公二期懷幽幽

TIEN CHU TEMPLE

By T'ao Han.

With tangled firs and pines the cave is hid.
  Around the western hill a pathway creeps.
One lofty crag is outlined on the sky.
  The temple towers are hung in airy deeps.

On dawn-flushed cliff reclines the Buddhas' home.
  Mid masséd rocks high balconies appear.
To birds and monkeys Night lone silence brings.
  The bell's deep booming chills the clouds with fear.

The peak's green shadow tints the lake-borne Moon.
  The gorge-wind's song the torrent's music mars.
My soul expands above the realms of air
  And hangs suspended with eternal stars.

The morrow's dawn yet other prospect brings.
  I wake to see the eastern bounds long drawn.
Waves stir the oily surface of the lake
  As o'er pale seas the darkness glows to morn.

The old Immortals' traces still are here.
  To us lies clear the Pathway they impressed.
And as my soul harks back to ages gone
  I, darkly groping, feel them in my breast.

Notes:—蕩漾: 水搖動之貌

Immortals: Ko and Hsü (葛許), students of Taoism, who retired from the world to this temple, which is five miles west of Hangchow.

和趙員外桂陽橋遇佳人

宋之問

江雨朝飛浥細塵
陽橋花柳不勝春
金鞍白馬來從趙
玉面紅粧本姓秦
妬女猶憐鐘中髮
侍兒堪感路旁人
蕩舟爲樂非吾事
自嘆空閨夢寐頻

THE MAID I MET ON KUEI-YANG BRIDGE

By Sung Chih-wen

'Twas dawn and the sprays from the river
And mist had enmoistened the air.
The flowers and the willows of Springtime
By the Bridge breathed their essences rare.
On a white horse with clear golden saddle
Came riding a beauty so fair—
Of the daughters of Ch'in must she be:
Such grace can come only from there.

The locks that her mirror reflecteth
Her envious handmaids adore.
That caress to her babe my too tender heart swayed.
She passed. I shall see her no more!

The passions of dissolute loving
My true heart has never obeyed.
Yet I sigh in my cold lonely chamber
When I think of that beautiful maid.
I sigh in my desolate chamber,
And dream of that beautiful maid.

Notes:—Ancient Poetry:

燕趙多佳人 "In Yen and Chao are many fair women.
美者顏如玉 The faces of the fairest are like jade."
And again:
日出東南隅 "In the South East the sunrise appears
照我秦氏樓 The mansion of Ch'in to invade.
秦氏有好女 A beautiful daughter has he;
自名爲羅敷 And Lo-fu the name of the maid."

黃鶴樓

崔顥

昔人已乘黃鶴去
此地空餘黃鶴樓
黃鶴一去不復返
白雲千載空悠悠
晴川歷歷漢陽樹
芳草萋萋鸚鵡洲
日暮鄉關何處是
煙波江上使人愁

THE HUANG HO LOU

By Ts'ui Hao

The sage of old has flown away upon a Yellow Crane,
And left its Tower alone to mark where mortals saw
him last.
The Yellow Crane once flown away—it never comes
again.
Long years have past—yet white and ghast the empty
clouds remain.

Mid winding groves of Hanyang's trees the stream
pellucid flows.
On Parrot Isle the fragrant grass in wild luxuriance
grows.
My village from my gazes the dying sunbeams part.
The river hid the mist amid calls shadows o'er my
heart.

Notes:—The Huang Ho Lou (Tower of the Yellow Crane) is at Wuchang, built on the trace of the Yellow Crane. The story goes that when Fei Wen-shu, called Tze-an (費文書: 子安), became a spirit and flew away on the back of the Yellow Crane, it rested here, leaving the print of its foot. The Yellow Crane is an emblem of becoming a spirit, i.e., of decease; whence the melancholy ending of the poem. Parrot Isle (Ying-wu Chou) is opposite to Wuchang; and is so called by the people in memory of Mi-heng (禰衡), who was slain by Huang Tsu (黃祖) and buried there,—because he wrote the "Parrot Lays." ("Parrot" in Chinese is used in the sense of the "gift of tongues.")

Hao: The name of the author means "Radiant." So the name of the Welsh poet "Taliessin" means "Radiant Brow"; and Byron speaks of Apollo "with brow all radiant from the fight."

THE HILLS OF SPRING

By Yü Liang-shih

The Hills of Spring, the Hills of Spring so many pleasures dight
That pure enjoyment leaves me here oblivious of Night.
Within the water that my hands scoop up the Moon embowers;
And all my clothes are fragrant with the heavy scent of flowers.

Although the mood aye urges me, still verseless I remain.
I wish to go; but, ah! I quit this scented scene with pain.
To see from whence the bell's sweet chime, I southward gaze, and lo!
The bell tower hidden deeply in yon verdant sea below.

春山夜月

于良史

春山多勝事
賞玩夜忘歸
掬水月在手
弄花香滿衣
興來無詩近
欲去惜芳菲
南望鐘鳴處
樓臺深翠微

岳陽樓晚景

張均

晚景寒鴉集
秋風旅雁歸
水光浮日出
霞彩映江飛

洲白蘆花吐
園紅柿葉稀
長沙卑濕地
九月未成衣

THE AUTUMN SEEN FROM YOYANG TOWER

By Chang Chün

The crows are flocking homeward all chilled in twilight's close.
Upon the Autumn gale the geese their passage wing away.
Across the tinted waters there floats the orb of day;
And flickers on the river the sunset's hazy ray.

With autumn flowers of madder the whitened islets sway.
Through scanty leaves all red the rich persimmon glows.
How flat and damp Changsha this temperature shows,
Where yet October's air is braved with summer clothes.

Note: In autumn the flowers of the madder are white. The persimmon ripens in the Fall, and the leaves assume a reddish brown colour. (This fruit in outward appearance resembles a tomato.)

A RUIN

By Han Wu

Upon the yard looks in the placid moon
Down float the petals of the wild pear trees.
I gaze adown the vacant steps alone.
The swing sways with the motion of the breeze.

效崔國輔體

韓渥

澹月照中庭
海棠花自落
獨立俯閒階
風動秋千索

A LOVER'S DREAM

Anonymous

Oh, drive the golden orioles
From off our garden tree!
Their warbling broke the dream wherein
My lover smiled to me.

伊州歌

打起黃鶯兒
莫教枝上啼
啼時驚妾夢
不得到遼西

Note:—The golden oriole is the equivalent of the nightingale (the "night-warbler"), the Tereus of passion.

焦節婦行

滿天霜喚齊鷄雄
上肩裏刀郎看
豺似發促胥里
塵行畢未聲語
鄉守君爲啐啐
不如死妾身
呱呱聲生妝頭
還宜時卸此時
一時街賣翠鈿
向憂家中轉託
翁勿碎妾身當
青海頭生當努
黃泉下死當瞑
九秋等開一度
遠游兒成學
露頭妾存已
邊頭郎在亦

簞漆寒室腥驚立明懼據衣去

麝如缸在血魂髏分不何血衣

吹月青鬼來神髑難妾定飄此

頭輪點戶面見提汚來歸來穿

城如一在四瞥手血前郎暗曾

更雲犖蟀然頭人體近是風時

五黑犖蟋忽舉一遍汝果一去

郎但床梁乂郎妾看

萬里

一此裏

沙渡場

LENORE

Author Unknown

The cocks crow all together.
The air is full of frost.
I see your sword and bundle
On either shoulder tossed.
Like jackals and like tigers
They chase you from the town.
Before our speech is ended
The white dust settles down.
In loneliness and sorrow
Our village sees me lie.
My life for you I keep alive,
Yet easier far to die.
Your child beside the pillow
With baby wailings cries.
Though much I would prefer to die
Yet here my duty lies.
My ornaments and silken robes
All now I lay a-down
And bid our ancient neighbor
Go sell them in the town.
But in your journeys vex you not
For those thus left behind.
I sooner were in pieces torn
Than change my loving mind.
But if you live, your duty do
In yon wild Tsaidam snows;

And if you die, in Hades dim
Your peaceful eyelids close.
Wait but till nineteen autumns past
Our child to manhood grown
Has left his school to wander forth
To win his bread alone.
Then like the dewdrop on the bough
I cannot long remain
While your dark locks are turned to white
Upon you desert plain.
The dawn breaks on the City
The horns of gathering cry.
The misty moon is dimly seen
Amid the murky sky.
Amidst the chilly gloom a lamp
In lonely darkness gleams.
The cricket chirrups by the door.
Some spirit present seems.
A rank and sudden smell of gore
Rises on every side.
I shriek to see a dreadful ghost.
Ah, what may this betide?
Its hand holds forth a hollow skull
As there it standeth grim.
Defiled with dust and bloody stains
It loometh vaguely dim.
"Come in, come in before me.
Indeed I do not dread!

And thou indeed my husband art,
What proof to prove the dead ? "
In sudden gust of darkling wind
His blood-stained garments sway.
" Alas ! that garment clothed you, love,
What time you went away ! "
" I know you are here.
Why come you so late ? "
In gloom the lamp fails ;
The rope from the beam
Hangs quivering and straight.
" In my eyes is the gleam.
In my ears is the roar
Of the breakers that burst
On a long sandy shore.
When came you in, Love ?
Oh, how flew you here ?
My spirit now comes, Love.
I follow anear,
Your white bones to view in
That desert so drear."

Note :—There is a poem called " William and Helen " by Sir Walter Scott which was inspired by a translation of Bürger's " Leonore " and the subject matter of which is very similar to the above.

A similar subject occurs in the Border Ballads, and in Ossian.

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